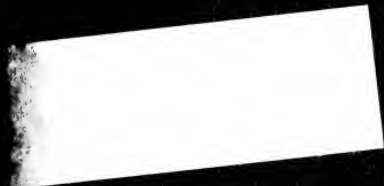


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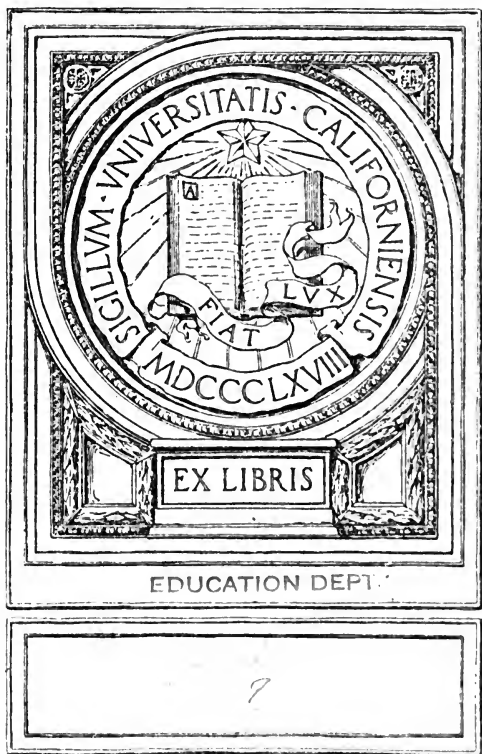


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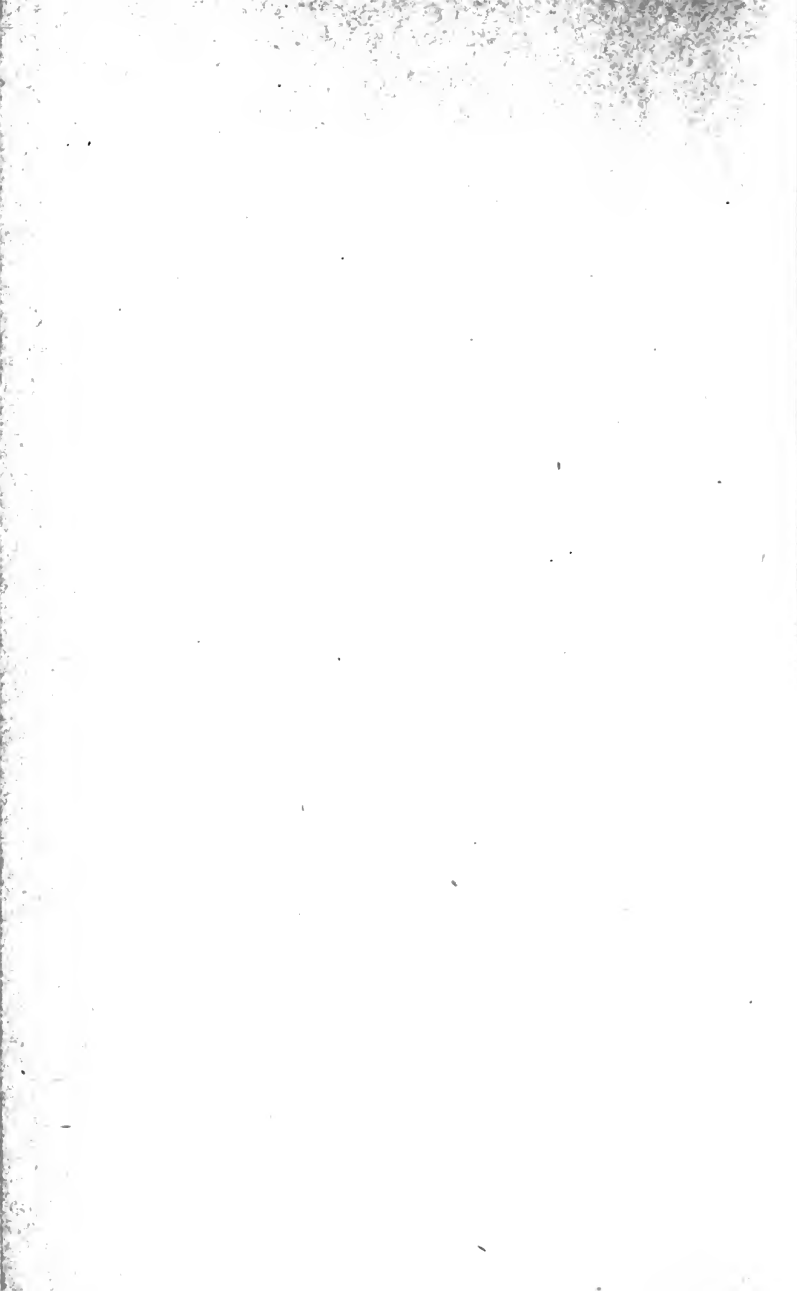
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STUDIES IN READING

SEVENTH GRADE

BY

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PREFACE

READING with appreciation is a fine art. This volume contains some of the gems of literature which the race has learned to love. Some of the best "old-fashioned" selections, and some of the most charming new short classics, are offered as a basis for study and appreciation.

The average pupil will study his reading lesson with zest if he is given some definite work to do. In these studies, the brief introduction to each selection is intended to whet the pupil's "appetite," thus awakening a proper incentive to study the selection. The exercises following each study are arranged to make his study definite and to the point. Helpful notes are added wherever necessary, and additional readings are given to afford the means of broadening and deepening the impressions gained in directed study. Each study presents a definite problem to the pupil, with sufficient helps and suggestions to enable him to work out a solution.

The pupil must be taught how to use the dictionary intelligently. Word-lists are given on each study. Other words and phrases should be added as the needs of the class demand. All words not clear to pupils should be studied by

means of the dictionary. The intelligent use of the dictionary enables the child to become independent in enlarging his own vocabulary. The best teachers of reading agree that it is better to teach pupils of this grade to use the dictionary intelligently than to permit them to rely on pronouncing vocabularies in their readers.

All methods, devices, and helpful exercises usually employed in teaching reading are brought to bear the best fruit when reinforced by well-directed study.

The authors desire to acknowledge their indebtedness to the school men and school women who have already proved the worth of these studies in schoolroom practice. Especial thanks are due Superintendent A. H. Waterhouse, Fremont, Nebraska; Superintendent Alice Florer, York County, Nebraska; President J. W. Crabtree, River Falls, Wisconsin; Professor E. L. Holton, of the Department of Sociology and Rural Education in the Kansas State Agricultural College, for helpful criticisms and suggestions; and to former State Superintendent W. K. Fowler of Nebraska, for expert care, criticism, and corrections in the preparation of this volume.

J. W. SEARSON.

G. E. MARTIN.

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STUDIES IN READING

ABOU BEN ADHEM

THE story is told of a certain rich man of the East whose wife had passed away, and whose children had grown up and moved to far distant countries. He was a wise man, kind-hearted, who loved *people*. So he filled his large house with poor, homeless children, whose grateful smiles gladdened him, and whose gay laughter filled his old heart with joy. The weary traveler, the poor outcast, and the sick or sorrowful alike received comfort and cheer beneath the hospitable roof and around the heavily laden board of the old patriarch. . . What unspeakable joy and peace touched his heart as he saw cheer and gladness illumine the dark hearts of his fellow beings. One night he awoke from peaceful sleep to see the room enriched with the subdued light of a beautiful angel presence, who told him his name was not recorded in the "book of gold" with "the names of those who love the Lord." "I pray thee, then," said he cheerily and low, "write my name as one who loves his fellow men." And lo! God, through the angel

presence, recognized in this the true relationship of a devout follower, and gave the peaceful old patriarch first place among all those whose lives were blessed by love of God. The poet here catches the lofty vision that loving and serving one's fellow man is the primary way one can love and serve his God. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the
Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou; "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great awakening light,
And showed the names of those whom love of God
had blessed—

And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

—*Leigh Hunt.*

EXERCISES

1. What leads the author at the outset to exclaim enthusiastically "may his tribe increase!"?
2. In what frame of mind did Abou Ben Adhem behold the vision?
3. What was Ben Adhem's feeling when he found his name was not among the names of those who loved the Lord?
4. What request did he make?
5. In what mood did he make the request?
6. How could he have "exceeding peace" under such circumstances?
7. How was God's acceptance of Ben Adhem's service shown?
8. What doctrine of life is here set forth?
9. Why is this poem so popular?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

STEVENSON: The Lamplighter.

LONGFELLOW: Santa Filomena.

WHITTIER: Riches of the Commonwealth. The Brother of Mercy.

GEORGE P. LATHROP: The Star to Its Light.

MATTHEW XXV, 34-46.

LUKE X, 25-37: Story of the Good Samaritan.

LOWELL: Vision of Sir Launfal. Yussouf.

FOSS, S. W.: The House by the Side of the Road.

NAYLOR: Dr. John Goodfellow—Office Upstairs.

LIVE TO-DAY

Yesterday is a memory,
 To-morrow is an imagination,
 To-day is eternity.
 Live to-day and live forever.
 Cut out two days of your life—
 Yesterday with its mistakes and follies,
 To-morrow with its fears and dreads,
 And live only to-day.

—Anonymous.

THE OLD PURITAN LAWMAKER

GENERAL Robert E. Lee, a general who was great enough to bear defeat heroically, wrote the following in a letter to his son, G. W. Curtis Lee, while his son was attending college. The letter contains such good advice from an eminent father to his son that we are naturally anxious to read it closely. The incident told of the old Puritan legislator is one of the best illustrations we have of faithful adherence to duty.

THE OLD PURITAN LAWMAKER

You must study to be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot; you would wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind.

Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly, but firmly, with all your classmates; you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not.

If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act, and say nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but it is a path of peace and honor.

In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that nearly a hundred years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness,—still known as “the dark day,”—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse.

The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the judgment day—had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment.

Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, and said that, if the last day had come, he wished to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought in, so that the house could proceed with its duty.

There was a quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Duty, then, is the

sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things like the old Puritan. You cannot do more; you should never wish to do less. Never let your mother or me wear one gray hair for lack of duty on your part.

—*Robert E. Lee.*

NOTES

1. General Robert E. Lee was born in Virginia in 1807, and died in 1870, after a most brilliant career as commander-in-chief of the Confederate Army during the Civil War. As a military leader, he was dashing and brilliant; as a student, he was highly educated; and as a father, he was kind and sympathetic.
2. *Davenport, of Stamford.* The incident as given here is historically correct.
3. Look up the meaning of the following words: frankness, principle, equivocation, experiment, extinguished, sacrifice, unaccountable, consternation, adjournment, inflexible, sublimest.

EXERCISES

1. What is the meaning of the first direction given to the son?
2. What other principles of right conduct are in the first paragraph?
3. What policy wears best in dealing with others?
4. Explain the "dangerous experiment" mentioned in paragraph 3.
5. What principle makes possible the "path to peace and honor"?
6. What "dark day" is mentioned?
7. Does this letter appear to you "hasty"? Explain.
8. How did many regard the day? Who were the Puritans?
9. What motion was first made?
10. What motion did the old Puritan legislator make?
11. What reason did he give for his motion?
12. Explain "Duty is the sublimest word in our language."
13. What final caution was given the son?
14. Write out in your own words the five best rules of conduct contained in this letter.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

WASHINGTON: Rules of Civility.

JEFFERSON: Ten Rules.

FRANKLIN: Autobiography, Chapter on Self-Examination.

WHITTIER: Abraham Davenport.

SMILES: Character. Duty.

LORIMER: Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son.

LANIER: Power of Prayer.

WORK DONE SQUARELY

The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,
The more we feel the high stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.

—James Russell Lowell.

Alas! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has
torn out half the leaves from the Book of Human
Life to light the fires of passion with from day
to day, that man begins to see that the leaves
which remain are few in number.—*Longfellow.*

LITTLE BOY BLUE

SOME have mistakenly thought this delicate gem is primarily for children,—it is the burst of grief of a bereaved father's heart.

Although children love this beautiful poem it is not a *child's* poem; it is a father's poem *about* a child. Its sweet and lofty sentiment requires a grown-up experience to appreciate it fully. Eugene Field's tender heart was stricken with grief over the death of his beloved little son—a grief intensified yet mellowed and sweetened since the angel song *awakened* the loved dreamer. With tender care, the toys have been left where the tiny hands placed them, and they seem almost a part of the little lost one as the father stands over them and calls to mind the scenes in which the little prattler gave them life. Filled with the tenderness of mingled love and sorrow the father's heart breathes forth *this exquisite melody of parental grief*.

LITTLE BOY BLUE*

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.

*From "A Little Book of Western Verse;" copyright, 1889, by Eugene Field; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue,—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years
through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

—*Eugene Field.*

EXERCISES

1. Under what circumstances was this poem written?
2. Why should the toys remain untouched?
3. Who is speaking the first lines of the second stanza?
4. In what manner was he saying these words?
5. To whom are the years *many* and *long*?
6. What in the father's heart leads him to imagine that these silent toys are waiting faithfully for their little master's return?

7. What comfort comes to the father in the scenes and reminiscences recounted?
8. What has touched the heart of the father so sympathetically?
9. What infinite hope is suggested to the grief-stricken father?
10. Wherein lies the chief charm of this little poem?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

GILDER: A Child.

FIELD: The Lyttel Boy.

RILEY: Bereaved. Leonainie. The Lost Kiss.

A. C. SWINBURNE: The Salt of the Earth.

EMMON A. BROWN: Measuring the Baby.

LOWELL: The First Snowfall. The Changeling.

HARRY R. SMITH: The Long Night.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT: Van Elsen.

LONGFELLOW: The Reaper and the Flowers. The Children's Hour.

ELLEN HOWARTH: 'Tis But a Little Faded Flower.

STEPHEN HENRY THAYER: The Waiting Choir.

GERALD MASSEY: Christie's Portrait. Little Willie.

GEORGE BARLOW: The Dead Child.

JOHN PIERPONT: My Child.

WILLIAM C. BENNETT: Baby Shoes.

WORDSWORTH: Lucy Gray.

SWIMMERS IN A SEA

For we are all, like swimmers in a sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea—
Back out to sea, to the deep wave of death—
We know not, and no search will make us know;
Only the event will teach us in its hour.

—Matthew Arnold.

THE BOYS

HOW much of inspiration we owe to those with whom we come in close personal contact! Sometimes it takes a long separation from our friends to give us the proper appreciation and the true estimate of the value of their lives. One of the keenest of the pleasures of a college man is that of the class reunions that occur after the regular college course has been completed. Then notes are compared, successes and failures are canvassed, and the value of classmates to themselves and to the world is estimated. Most colleges base much of their prestige upon the record of their alumni. Harvard College is no exception and points with much pride to the Class of 1829, of which Oliver Wendell Holmes was a member. He was regularly appointed class poet at the annual reunions for many years. On the occasion of the thirtieth anniversary of the graduation of this class, he wrote the following poem. Its quaint humor, graceful style, and touching pathos make it unique. Not less remarkable is the work of his classmates as enumerated in the lines.

THE BOYS*

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's
spite!

Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are
more?

He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—Show him the
door!

"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! *white*, if we
please;

Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's noth-
ing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake!

We want some new garlands for those we have
shed,—

And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have
been told,

Of talking (in public) as if we were old:—

That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call
"Judge;"

It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker,"—the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?

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authorized publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company.

That's our "Member of Congress," we say when
we chaff;
There's the "Reverend"—what's his name?—don't
make me laugh!

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the *Royal Society* thought it was *true*!
So they chose him right in; a good joke it was too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker
brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him the "Justice," but now he's the
"Squire."

And there is a youngster of excellent pith,—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal, "My country, . . . of
thee!"

You hear that boy laughing?—You think he's all
fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest
of all!

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or
with pen;

And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be
men?

Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and
gay,

Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!

The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!

And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, *The Boys*.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*.

NOTES

1. It is comforting to know that Dr. Holmes lived to see the sixtieth anniversary of the graduation of his class, when he wrote "After the Curfew."
2. The charming wit and grace suggested in this poem remained with its genial author until his death in 1894. He met death bravely with a smile, while carrying on a conversation with his son.
3. The Royal Society is the oldest scientific society in Great Britain. The function of this society is to encourage scientific research in every possible way. To it is entrusted a large sum each year to be distributed as prizes to eminent scholars, who have made some remarkable contribution to scientific knowledge.
4. "Judge." George T. Bigelow, Chief Justice of Massachusetts.
5. "Speaker." Honorable Francis B. Crowninshield, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives.
6. "Mr. Mayor." G. W. Richardson, of Worcester, Massachusetts.
7. "Member of Congress." Honorable George L. Davis.
8. "Reverend." James Freeman Clarke.
9. "That boy with the grave mathematical look." Professor Benjamin Peirce.

10. "Justice," "Squire." B. R. Curtis, a Justice of the United States Supreme Court.
11. "Smith." S. F. Smith, author of "America."
12. Define as here used: Catalogue, garlands, fiction, fudge, logical chain, syllabled fire, pith.

EXERCISES

1. What word should receive particular stress in the first line?
2. What is meant by "the Catalogue's spite"? By "the Almanac's cheat"?
3. About how old was the youngest man there that night?
4. Where does the first bit of seriousness creep in?
5. What does he mean by "Where the snow-flakes fall thickest," etc.?
6. Why were garlands awarded in competitions?
7. Was it really "a neat little fiction"?
8. What does the author's witty nonsense as to the pretense of calling these men by dignified titles, make more noticeable?
9. What do you understand that the laughing boy had done?
10. How does it seem to you that men differ from boys?
11. What does he hint is his wish as to their becoming men?
12. What does he mean by "its gold and its gray"?
13. By "our life-lasting toys"?
14. Describe the feeling you think this poem must have created when it was read by the author.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

- HOLMES: The Last Leaf. After the Curfew.
BEECHER: The Memory of Our Fathers.
B. F. TAYLOR: The Isle of Long Ago.
TENNYSON: Break, Break, Break.
MRS. E. A. ALLEN: Rock Me to Sleep.
D. G. MITCHELL: Dream Life.
MOORE: The Light of Other Days.
LONGFELLOW: The Old Clock on the Stairs.
WHITTIER: The Barefoot Boy.
Twenty Years Ago.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

THE following incident is familiar to every reader of the history of the times preceding the Revolutionary War. The great American historian, Bancroft, has told us vividly the story of one of the early acts which led to the Revolutionary War. The following story ought to be read by every young American who believes in his country; for in this story he can catch the spirit of those patriots who deliberately resisted oppression and who, having put their hands to the plow, did not think of looking back until they had established the colonies as free and independent states.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

The most celebrated tea party ever known was that which was held in Boston Harbor late one evening in December, 1773. There was at that time no great nation of the United States, as there is now, but between the Atlantic Ocean and the Allegheny Mountains there were thirteen colonies which had been founded by the English and some other peoples of Europe, and were still under the control of the British government.

George the Third, King of England, and some

of his noblemen had done all that they could to oppress the people of these colonies. They had forbidden the colonists sending their own goods to any other country than England. They would not allow the Americans to cut down pine trees outside of enclosed fields, or to manufacture iron goods. They had tried in every way to tax the people of this country, while at the same time they would not allow them to take any part in the making of the laws governing the colonies.

At length a tax was laid on all tea sold to the colonies, and several ships were loaded with that article and sent from England to the American ports of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston. But the colonists did not like to be taxed in that way, and everywhere they made agreement among themselves to drink no more tea until the tax should be removed. Not being represented in Parliament, they were unwilling to be taxed by Parliament.

About the first of December, one of the three tea ships which had been sent to Boston arrived and anchored in the harbor. A town-meeting was held in the Old South Meeting-house, at which nearly five thousand persons were present. It was the largest assembly that had ever been known in Boston. All the people were opposed to allowing the tea to be landed, and by a vote of every one at that great meeting, it was resolved that it should be sent back to England, and that no duty should be paid on it.

The merchants to whom the tea had been sent, and who expected to make some profit out of it, promised not to land the cargo, but asked for time to consider the matter before sending the ship back to England.

"Is it safe to trust to the promises of these men, who by their acts have already shown themselves to be the enemies of their country?" asked some one in the assembly.

"Let the ship be guarded until the merchants have had time to make up their minds and give an answer," said another.

"I will be one of the guard, myself," said John Hancock, "rather than that there shall be none."

So it was decided that a party of twenty-five men should guard the tea ship during the night, and that on no account should the merchants postpone their answer longer than till the next morning.

The next morning the answer of the merchants was brought: "It is entirely out of our power to send back the tea; but we are willing to store it until we shall receive further directions."

Further directions from whom? The British government? The wrath of the people was now aroused, and the great assembly resolved that it would not disperse until the matter should be settled.

In the afternoon both the owner and the master of the tea ship came forward and promised that the tea should return as it had come, without

touching land and without paying duty. The owners of the two other tea ships, which were daily expected, made a like promise. And thus it was thought that the whole trouble would be ended.

When the expected tea ships arrived, they were ordered to cast anchor by the side of the first, so that one guard might serve for all; for the people did not put entire confidence in the promises of the ship-owners; and, besides this, the law would not allow the vessels to sail away from Boston with the tea on board.

Another meeting was called, and the owner of the first tea ship was persuaded to go to the proper officers and ask for a clearance; but these officers, who owed their appointment to the king, flatly refused to grant a clearance until the cargo of tea should be landed.

On the sixteenth of December seven thousand men were present at the town-meeting, and every one voted that the tea should not be landed. "Having put our hands to the plough," said one, "we must not now think of looking back." And there were many men in that meeting who thought that they foresaw in this conflict the beginning of a trying and most terrible struggle with the British government.

It had been dark for more than an hour. The church in which the leaders of the movement were sitting was dimly lighted. The owner of the first tea ship entered and announced that not only

the revenue officers but the governor had refused to allow his ship to leave the harbor. As soon as he had finished speaking, Samuel Adams rose and gave the word: "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

At that instant a shout was heard on the porch. A yell like an Indian war-whoop answered it from the street, and a body of men, forty or fifty in number, dressed in the garb of Mohawk Indians, passed by the door. Quickly reaching the wharf, they posted guards to prevent interruption, went on board the three tea ships, and emptied three hundred and forty chests of tea—all that could be found—into the waters of the bay.

The people around, as they looked on, were so still that the noise of breaking open the tea chests was plainly heard. "All things," said John Adams, who became afterward the second President of the United States, "all things were conducted with great order, decency, and perfect submission to government." After the work was done, the town became as still and calm as if it had been a holy day of rest. The men from the country that very night carried back the great news to their villages.

This was one of the first acts which led to the war with England that gave this country its independence. Only a little more than a year afterward, the first battle was fought at Lexington, not far from Boston; and in less than ten years

the colonies had become free and independent states.—*George Bancroft.*

NOTES

1. Look up the events immediately preceding, and those immediately following, the Boston Tea Party.
2. Be sure in your reading to find how this event was interpreted from the English point of view.
3. Be prepared to locate on any good map the places mentioned.
4. Look up the meanings of the following words: celebrated, oppress, manufacture, agreement, guarded, postponed, confidence, represented, Parliament, clearance, wharf, interruption, submission.

EXERCISES

1. Just when and where did this incident take place?
2. Why is this incident called a "Tea Party"?
3. What measures did England enforce against the colonies?
4. Why did the colonies resist the tax on tea?
5. How did they first attempt to avoid paying tax on tea?
6. What reception was given to the first ship that brought tea to this country?
7. How anxious was John Hancock, patriot leader, to enforce the desire of the people?
8. What answer did the merchants give the colonists?
9. What was done with the other two ships that came into the harbor?
10. Why did not the revenue officers permit the vessels to depart without unloading the tea?
11. What unanimous decision did the town-meeting of seven thousand men make?
12. What announcement was made by the owners of the tea ships?
13. What was the real point at issue in this controversy?
14. Explain the announcement of Samuel Adams.
15. Describe the "Tea Party."
16. What shows that this resistance was deliberate and definitely planned?
17. What other events figure with this incident as causes of the Revolutionary War?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

KIPLING: Hymn Before Action.

HAWTHORNE: The Gray Champion.

PIERPONT: Warren's Address at Bunker Hill.

LONGFELLOW: Paul Revere's Ride.

PATRICK HENRY: A Call to Arms.

EARL OF MANSFIELD: On the Right of England to Tax America.

LORD CHATHAM: On the Right of Taxing America.

LIFE

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet,
But this I know, when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be
As all that then remains of me.

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not "Good night," but in some brighter
clime
Bid me "Good morning!"

—*Anna Letitia Barbauld.*

EXCELSIOR

LONGFELLOW wrote *Excelsior* at the age of thirty-four. This poem was written on the back of a note from Charles Sumner and bears this explanation at the close: "September 28, 1841. Half past 3 o'clock, morning. Now to bed." Longfellow got the suggestion for the poem from the heading of a New York Journal, bearing the seal of the State of New York,—a shield with a rising sun, and the motto in heraldic Latin, "Excelsior." His imagination eagerly seized the suggestion and the striking story of the youth scaling the Alpine heights resulted. Longfellow declared that his purpose in the poem was "no more than to display in a series of pictures, the life of a man of genius, resisting all temptations, laying aside all fears, heedless of all warnings, and pressing right on to accomplish his purpose." De Quincey declares that the boy hero gives clear evidence of insanity in attempting to scale the Alps under such circumstances, and that he ought to have been shut up in an insane asylum. Langtree insists that the poem is not true to human

experience. With true insight, Edgar Allan Poe says:

“It depicts the earnest, upward impulse of the soul—an impulse not to be subdued even in Death. Despising danger, resisting pleasure, the youth, bearing the banner inscribed ‘Excelsior!’ (higher still) struggles through all difficulties to an Alpine summit. Warned to be content with the elevation attained, his cry is still ‘Excelsior!’ There is yet an immortal height to be surmounted—an ascent in Eternity. The poet holds in view the idea of never ending progress.”

EXCELSIOR

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

“Try not the pass!” the old man said;
“Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!”
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

“O stay,” the maiden said, “and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!”
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

“Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!”
This was the peasant’s last Good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,

And from the sky, serene and far,

A voice fell, like a falling star,

Excelsior!

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

EXERCISES

1. What is shown of the youth in that he has already gained the Alpine heights?
2. How are his determination and singleness of purpose shown?
3. Just what is the youth attempting?
4. Will he be satisfied when he reaches the mountain top?
5. What influences were strong against the carrying out of his purpose?
6. What was the effect of each of these influences?
7. What influence seemed strongest to deter him?
8. Why should he refuse to take advice? Explain fully.
9. In what sense did he fail in his attempt? In what sense did he succeed?
10. What is the effect of the repetition of "Excelsior" at the close of each stanza?
11. What final recognition was gained by this heroic struggle?
12. Compare the truth of this poem with that in the dying words of Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*: "What are you saying? That it is no use?—I know it! But one does not fight because there is hope of winning! No! . . . No! . . . It is much finer to fight when it is no use!"

ADDITIONAL READINGS

MRS. STOWE: *St. Bernard Hospes.*

WORDSWORTH: *Michael.*

HOLLAND: *Gradatim.*

ARNOLD: *Self-Dependence.*

LONGFELLOW: *The Skeleton in Armor.*

SILL: *Opportunity.*

CHARLES MACKAY: *Tell Me, Ye Winged Winds.*

LANIER: *Barnacles.*

A LIFE LESSON

THE voice of sympathy that soothes care and trouble renders a real service to humanity. Riley is broad in his sympathy and keen in his insight into life, and the following poem is probably his masterpiece of sympathy and insight. The very first line is aglow with warmth and gentleness. Time will soon heal childhood's troubles. A larger life of buoyant love will soon crowd out school-day worries. Even disappointed age is consoled by the assurance that Heaven holds all for which the soul sighs.

In this poem the author has shown us the world's attitude toward grief. In the first stanza, childhood is quieted with the promise that "childish troubles will soon pass by." The second stanza represents youth with the assurance that sorrows shall vanish in approaching love. The third stanza pictures age facing Heaven's wide-open doors with the promise of final peace in the fulfilment of every dream of the soul.

Babes, youths, and grown-ups are, after all, much the same, always consoled by some sweet hope that lures on to greater things,—and becoming harder to guide and comfort as the years increase.



FAMILY CARES—*E. C. Barnes*

A LIFE LESSON*

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your play-house, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by.—
There! little girl, don't cry!

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your school-girl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by.—
There! little girl, don't cry!

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh.—
There! little girl, don't cry!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

EXERCISES

1. What picture is given in the first stanza?
2. What consolation?
3. What period of life is dealt with in stanza two?
4. Explain "life and love will soon come by."

*From Riley's Child Rhymes, copyright, 1905. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

5. Then what shall soothe the grief at this time?
6. What next period is interpreted?
7. What consolations for grief in age?
8. What then does Riley represent to be the world's attitude toward grief?
9. What deeper note of consolation for suffering and grief is sounded in this poem?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HENRY VAUGHN: The Retreat.

JOHN BURROUGHS: Waiting.

LONGFELLOW: Psalm of Life.

LOWELL: The First Snowfall.

WHITTIER: The Eternal Goodness. The Barefoot Boy.

LONGFELLOW: The Children. The Children's Hour.

A ROSE TO THE LIVING

A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead;
In filling love's infinite store,
A rose to the living is more,
If graciously given before
The hungering spirit is fled,
A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.
—*Nixon Waterman.*

THE GREAT THING

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving; to reach the port of heaven we must sail, sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it—but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS

AMONG products of the hands, no work is more attractive or more highly prized than finely designed oriental tapestries. Moreover, weaving is one of the most primitive and most fundamental of the handicrafts, and in some form or other is familiar to every one. The poets of all ages have, therefore, readily seized upon weaving as a symbol of life; for example:

“God’s ways are dark, but soon or late
We weave with colors all our own.”

In the following poem the author has based his symbol-interpretation of life on “the ways of the tapestry weavers.” The finest quality of tapestry was woven on high-warp vertical looms. The long warp threads were hung on movable cylinder rollers supported by uprights of wood or iron. The weaver worked at the back of the loom where he first sketched the design on the warp threads, then with painstaking care wrought out the woven design. The complete pattern in colors, or cartoon, as it was called, was placed above or immediately behind the workman so that he might refer to it in order to weave the

design with perfectly matched and harmoniously blended colors. If he wished to see his real work, he had to step to the front of the loom, or wait until the web was "loosed and turned." The poet has seen in the patient, plodding weaver the symbol of every life, and has drawn us into sympathy with the exquisite moral lesson to be gleaned.

The Catholic Church had this poem printed in a tract which was scattered far and wide as a powerful instrument to influence humanity toward the fulfilment of its highest visions.

THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS

Let us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can
braver be—

From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the
other side of the sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs; they study
it with care.

The while their fingers deftly work, their eyes are
fastened there.

They tell this curious thing, besides, of the patient,
plodding weaver:

He works on the wrong side evermore, but works
for the right side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is
loosed and turned,

That he sees his real handiwork—that his mar-
velous skill is learned.

Ah! the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays
him for all the cost!

No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done
by the frost.

Then the master bringeth him golden hire, and
giveth him praise as well;

And how happy the heart of the weaver is no
tongue but his own can tell.

The years of man are the looms of God, let
down from the place of the sun,

Wherein we are weaving alway, till the mystic
web is done.

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for
himself his fate.

We may not see how the right side looks, we can
only weave and wait.

But, looking above for the pattern, no weaver
need have fear.

Only let him look clear into heaven—the Perfect
Pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of our Saviour forever and
always in sight,

His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving
is sure to be right.

And when his task is ended, and the web is turned
and shown,

He shall hear the voice of the Master. It shall say
to him, "Well done!"

And the white-winged angels of heaven, to bear
him thence, shall come down;

And God for his wage shall give him, not coin,
but a golden crown.

—Anson G. Chester.

EXERCISES

1. Describe in general the process of tapestry weaving.
2. What was the "pattern"? Why did it have to be studied with care?
3. Explain "He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for the right side ever."
4. How is the weaver paid for his task? What is his best pay?
5. Just what is included in "all the cost"?
6. Explain "looms of God," "mystic web."
7. What is the "right side"?
8. Why can we not see it?
9. Why is Perfect Pattern capitalized?
10. Explain the meaning of "web is turned and shown."
11. Under what conditions, according to this poem, can the life-work of the individual be a true success?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

MILLIE COLCORD: Life's Weaving.

LONGFELLOW: Keramos.

POE: Israfel.

THOMAS WADE: The Net Braiders.

S. W. DUFFIELD: Warp and Woof.

JOHN FRANCIS O'DONNELL: A Spinning Song.

ALICE C. McDONNELL: The Weaving of the Tartan.

BETH DAY: The Blind Weaver.

ETERNAL EQUITIES

All the poised balances of God would swerve,
Did men not get the blessings they deserve;
And all the vigorous scales of Fate would turn,
Did men not get the punishments they earn.

—Edwin Markham.

THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE

THE man who governs a warring nation carries a responsibility sufficient to appal the heart of any one except the most patriotic or the most heedless. He is not only bound to care for the well-being of those carrying his standard, but he may be called upon to deprive them of privilege, comfort, or life itself. Brutus yielded his sons to such a demand and thus gained the approval of the world of his day. William Shakespeare, centuries later, caused the wise Portia to deliver the last word on mercy in the administration of justice, when she told Shylock:

“It becomes

The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.”

While Mr. Lincoln was President of the United States, he used the great power of his office to save the life of many a soldier whose youth, ignorance, or gallantry aroused his pity or admiration. Much adverse criticism arose from this habit of the great martyr president. History and posterity, however, have decreed this his most lovable trait, and one wonders if the memory of his mercy will not outlast that of all other evidences of his genius.

The following simple, touching story gives a true insight into the nobility of purpose which characterized the soldiers on both sides of the tremendous struggle of the Civil War. It shows, too, how this had its origin in faith in Omnipotence on the part of the parents at home. This devotion and faith found a ready response in the president's instantly granting a reprieve on his own responsibility, even though he knew his subordinates would chafe under the interference. Such nobility of heart inspires armed legions to dare to the uttermost, and a nation to honor the true heroes in ways limited only by the powers of a deathless love.

“As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.”

THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE

"I thought, Mr. Allan, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift—no, not one. The dear boy only slept a minute, just one little minute, at his post. I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was! I know he only slept one little second;—he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine! Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! And now they shoot him—because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty. 'Twenty-four hours,' the telegram said, only twenty-four hours! Where is Bennie now?"

"We will hope with his heavenly Father," said Mr. Allan, soothingly.

"Yes, yes; let us hope. God is very merciful! 'I should be ashamed, father,' Bennie said, 'when I am a man, to think I never used this great right arm' (and he held it out so proudly before me) 'for my country, when it needed it. Palsy it, rather than keep it at the plow.' 'Go, then—go, my boy,' I said, 'and God keep you!' God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allan!" And the farmer repeated these last words slowly, as if in spite of his reason his heart doubted them.

"Like the apple of His eye, Mr. Owen; doubt it not."

Little Blossom sat near them, listening, with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear. Her

anxiety had been so concealed that no one had noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares. Now, she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive a letter from a neighbor's hand. "It is from him," was all she said.

It was like a message from the dead! Mr. Owen took the letter, but could not break the envelope on account of his trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allan, with the helplessness of a child. The minister opened it and read as follows:

"Dear Father: When this reaches you I shall be in eternity. At first it seemed awful to me; but I have thought about it so much that now it has no terror. They say they will not bind me nor blind me, but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the battlefield for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it—to die for neglect of duty!—O, father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it; and when I am gone, you may tell my comrades. I cannot now.

"You know I promised Jimmie Carr's mother I would look after her boy; and, when he fell sick, I did all I could for him. He was not strong when ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night I carried all his luggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went in on double-quick, and though the luggage began to

feel very heavy, everybody else was tired, too. And as for Jimmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when we went into camp, and then it was Jimmie's turn to be sentry, and I would take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until—well—until it was too late."

"God be thanked!" interrupted Mr. Owen. "I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post."

"They tell me, to-day, that I have a short reprieve—'time to write to you,' our good Colonel says. Forgive him, father; he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could. And do not lay my death against Jimmie. The poor boy is heart-broken, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my place.

"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me; it is very hard to bear! Good-by, father, God seems near and dear to me; not at all as if he wished me to perish forever, but as if he felt sorry for his poor, sinful, broken-hearted child, and would take me to be with him and my Saviour in a better life."

A deep sigh burst from Mr. Owen's heart. "Amen," he said, solemnly, "amen."

"To-night, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from the pasture, and precious little Blossom standing on the back stoop, waiting for me; but I shall never, never come! God bless you all! Forgive your poor Bennie!"

Late that night the door of the "back stoop" opened softly and a little figure glided out and down the footpath that leads to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor left, looking only now and then to heaven, and folding her hands as if in prayer. Two hours later the same young girl stood at the Mill depot, watching the coming of the night train; and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand. A few questions and ready answers told him all; and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child, than he for our little Blossom. She was on her way to Washington, to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell them where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her; no good, kind heart, like the President's, could refuse to be melted by it. The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute, now, might be the means of saving her brother's life. And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the Capital and hastened to the White House. The

President had just seated himself to his morning task of overlooking and signing important papers, when without one word of announcement the door softly opened, and Blossom, with down-cast eyes and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tones, "What do you want so bright and early this morning?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom.

"Bennie! Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"O, yes;" and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, my child, it was a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost by his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom, gravely. "But poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jimmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jimmie's night, not his; but Jimmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired, too."

"What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand." And the kind man caught eagerly as ever at what seemed to be a justification of the offense.

Blossom went to him; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder and turned up the pale face toward him. How tall he seemed! And he was the President of the United States, too! A dim thought

of this kind passed for a minute through Blossom's mind; but she told her simple, straightforward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given: "Send this dispatch at once."

The President then turned to the girl, and said: "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until to-morrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir!" said Blossom.

Two days after this interview, the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened upon his shoulder. Mr. Lincoln then said: "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill depot to welcome them back; and, as Farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently:

“Just and true are thy ways, Thou King of saints.”—*R. D. C. Robbins.*

NOTES

1. Find out all you can of military executions. Determine the significance of blindfolding or binding a condemned man.
2. Explain, “apple of His eye,” “occupied herself mechanically,” and “double-quick.”
3. Define, as used in this study: palsy, sentry, reprieve, stoop, capital, and culpable.

EXERCISES

1. If Mr. Owen felt as he says he did in the first few lines, how did he regard his country?
2. What kind of father do you think him?
3. Name Bennie's characteristics as his father gave them.
4. Why should Mr. Owen say, “He was as tall as I and only eighteen”?
5. What was the substance of the telegram mentioned?
6. When had Bennie said what he did of being ashamed when he became a man?
7. Why had Blossom shed no tear?
8. Why could Mr. Owen not read the letter?
9. Why had the thought of death no terrors for Bennie now?
10. From his letter, what seems to worry him most?
11. Why did Mr. Owen interrupt with the words, “Thank God”?
12. Why does Bennie ask his father to *forgive* him?
13. What caused the conductor's wonder as he helped Blossom on the train?
14. Why did he care for her so tenderly after he had heard her story?
15. Was the task of the President an easy one?
16. Would most people have found it possible to speak pleasantly in case of such an interruption at such time?
17. Was it literally true that thousands of lives might have been lost through Bennie's act?
18. Is the strict military law concerning such offenses unjust?

19. What in Blossom's speech probably caught Mr. Lincoln's attention?
20. Was Blossom naturally timid or bold?
21. How do you account for her walking right up to Mr. Lincoln as she did?
22. What did he probably write when he had read Bennie's letter?
23. What do you think of Mr. Lincoln's judgment as to the value of Bennie's life?
24. What made it valuable?
25. What was the significance of putting a *strap* upon Bennie's shoulder?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

FINCH: Nathan Hale.

WHITMAN: O Captain! My Captain!

LOWELL: Commemoration Ode.

HEMANS: Casabianca.

SARGENT: Regulus Before the Roman Senate.

KELLOGG: The Return of Regulus.

Robert Emmet's Speech.

ROSE HARDWICK THORPE: The Soldier's Reprieve.

BROWNING: The Patriot. Incident of a French Camp.

GILDER: The Celestial Passion.

ACTION

Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie
Unmindful on the glittering strand
Of God's occasions floating by.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

THE author has given us, in this poem, the spirit of enthusiasm for a great leader as that leader led his men to resist the British forces during the Revolutionary War.

Francis Marion, a native of the colony of South Carolina, came of adventurous French stock and early became an adventurer and Indian fighter. In 1775 he was elected a member of the South Carolina Provincial Congress which adopted the Bill of Rights and voted money for troops to resist Great Britain. He was first chosen captain of a company of state troops, and was rapidly promoted to the position of major, then to that of lieutenant-colonel, and finally raised to the rank of brigadier-general. As brigadier-general, in those dark days of 1780 and following, when the British forces had apparently subdued the South, Marion raised and maintained a band of patriots. Beginning with less than twenty trusted patriots, he gathered about him fearless riders, expert marksmen, and dauntless adventurers, who formed the famous "Marion's Brigade."

The soldiers of the band lived quietly on their

farms or rallied against the foe at the word of their leader. Sometimes they fled to the swamps or forests and sallied forth from ambush to put to rout the surprised British soldiers. The British sent a special detachment to capture Marion dead or alive. Colonel Tarleton who went with an ample force to capture the "Outlaw," returned after a vain pursuit and named Marion the "Swamp Fox." Marion's methods were those of the outlaw but he was a true patriot leader. He was a man of attractive personality, slight figure, capable of great endurance, and accustomed to abstinence. As a leader he was admired and beloved by all who caught the enthusiasm of his dauntless spirit.

This poem sets forth the spirit of the heroic band, shows that this spirit was a purely patriotic one, and gives us the wild, free breath of those stirring revolutionary days.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN*

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us

*Reprinted from Bryant's Complete Poetical Works, by permission of D. Appleton & Co.

As seamen know the sea;
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear,
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again,
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,

And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away,
Back to the pathless forest
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee—
Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton
Forever from our shore.

—William Cullen Bryant.

NOTES

1. Look up the story of the life of Marion. Look up also the lives of Sumpter, Pickens, and Lee, who carried on similar warfare.
2. *Fiery barb*. Fiery steed. *Barb* is a contraction of Barbary, hence means Barbary horse. The Barbary horses were among the choicest of the Arabian stock.
3. *The broad Santee*. The principal river of South Carolina. See map.
4. Look up carefully the meanings of the following words and expressions: glades, reedy grass, dark morass, release, spoil, grieves, scampering, pathless forest, grave.

EXERCISES

1. Who was Francis Marion?
2. Who is speaking as the poem opens?
3. Explain "The British soldier trembles when Marion's name is told."
4. What are the tent and fortress of this band?
5. How intimate are these patriots with their surroundings?
6. Where were the "safe and silent islands"?
7. What is shown of Marion's method of fighting?
8. What is "life" to these men as shown in stanza 4?
9. How is Marion regarded as a leader?
10. When only shall such warfare cease?
11. With what motive does Marion carry on this warfare?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BROWNING: An Incident of the French Camp. Hervé Riel.

TENNYSON: Charge of the Light Brigade.

READ: The Rising in 1776. The Brave at Home.

HOLMES: Lexington.

HALLECK: Marco Bozzaris.

LONGFELLOW: Paul Revere's Ride.

EMERSON: The Concord Hymn.

W. G. SIMS: The Swamp Fox.

THE SLEEP

WE so often think lightly of the universal privileges of mankind that many authors have sought to cause serious thought along these lines. It is well to read frequently those things that bring us to value highly all that ministers to the comfort and well-being of the race. It has come to be a matter of common remark that a privilege is appreciated only as it is about to be taken away. Shakespeare shows that the guilty Macbeth's great regret is that he may sleep no more. How precious to him seems this simple privilege when his cringing soul hears the mysterious voice declare in his mad delirium, "Sleep no more! Macbeth doth murder sleep!" In telling of this awful experience, he estimates the value of that which he is about to lose, in the beautiful words,

"The innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

The same thought is frequently repeated throughout the great English bard's work, one

of the most notable being the famous soliloquy of the king in King Henry IV.

It is small wonder, then, that other and later poets have, from time to time, dealt with this



FERUZZI MADONNA

same subject. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was a character admirably fitted to feel and to express in the happiest manner this great thought.

In the following poem the loftiest form of faith is breathed into the same line that pours forth

the tenderest gratitude for the privilege so commonly overlooked. She sees in it a veritable thought of God that should be an ample reward for all it was hers to suffer, although she suffered more than falls to the ordinary lot.

THE SLEEP

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto the souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this:
"He giveth his belovèd—sleep"?

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
He giveth his belovèd—sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake:
He giveth his belovèd—sleep.

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:

But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth his belovèd—sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth his belovèd—sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap:
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth his belovèd—sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*—
“He giveth his belovèd—sleep.”

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would child-like on his love repose
Who giveth his belovèd—sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let One, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall!
He giveth his belovèd—sleep."

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

NOTES

1. Collect other instances than those given in the introduction to show a higher appreciation of sleep.
2. "He giveth His beloved sleep."—Psalm cxxvii.
3. Be prepared to explain clearly the meanings of the following: surpassing, star-tuned harp, undisproved, overweep, blasted, doleful, wailing, delvèd gold, wailer's heap, confirmed, erst, wearied vision.

EXERCISES

1. What is the meaning of "afar," in line 2?
2. Define "grace" as used in line 5.
3. Do we find any answer to the question in line 7?
4. Are there any suggested answers?
5. What is the inference to be drawn from line 12?
6. Explain carefully the meaning of, "A little faith all undisproved!"
7. How do we give our friends, "A little dust to overweep"?
8. What do the questions in the second stanza concern?
9. The statements in stanza 3?
10. What is the emphatic word in lines 12 and 18?
11. What things are compared in stanza 4?
12. What are the things calculated to do, which we find mentioned in stanza 5?
13. What is told us of God's power in this stanza?
14. What is done in stanza 6?
15. What is the central thought in the first two lines of stanza 7?
16. How do the angels account for the phenomenon?
17. What words do they render emphatic?

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18. What characteristic of the author is shown in stanza 8?
19. Why does she leave her injunction to the most loving of them all?
20. Why does she express such a wish at all?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

WHITTIER: The Eternal Goodness.

DICKENS: The Death of Little Nell. Death of Paul Dombey.

GRIMM BROTHERS: The Sleeping Beauty.

ROSSETTI: Sleep at Sea.

POE: A Dream Within a Dream.

SERVICE

All service ranks the same with God:
If now, as formerly he trod
Paradise, his presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no last nor first.
—*From Browning's "Pippa Passes."*

LOW AIM IS CRIME

Life is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night;
Greatly begin! Though thou hast time
But for a line, be that sublime!
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

—*Anonymous.*

SWEET AND LOW

THIS sweet little "Song of the Mother" breathes forth "all the wealth of mother-love in numbers so sweet and low" that one is "carried back to his infancy, to eventide and to lullabies from lips that have long since ceased to sing," and to days when a faithful, patient mother awaited a father's return to home and love. Great artists have glorified motherhood and childhood in their "Madonnas," but this beautiful little song equally exalts fatherhood. The cradle motion of the song but lends a further touch of exquisite beauty and charm.

When the song is set to appropriate music, it seems that music, motion, and message blend into the sweet, restful quiet of an evening prayer.

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,

Wind of the western sea,

Low, low, breathe and blow,

Wind of the western sea!

Over the rolling waters go,

Come from the dying moon, and blow,

Blow him again to me;

While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
 Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.
—*Alfred Tennyson.*

EXERCISES

1. What tells the time of day?
2. How is the cradle-motion brought out in the poem?
3. What vivid picture does this poem recall to each of us?
4. What effect do the first words of the song produce upon us?
5. What is the central figure in this little family group?
6. What passages prompt us to idealize motherhood? What works of art suggest the same idea?
7. What passages equally exalt fatherhood?
8. What gives this little gem its charm?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

FIELD: Wynken, Blynken, and Nod. Old English Lullaby.
Norse Lullaby. Japanese Lullaby.
SCOTT: Lullaby of an Infant Chief.
KIPLING: Lines to the Seal.
RANKIN: The Babie.
GEORGE MACDONALD: Baby.
HOLLAND: Lullaby.
RILEY: Slumber Song.

THE DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN*

THERE is something humorous in the awe with which almost every one views the rich man or the man of lofty station. The world recognizes the folly of empty titles or falsely acquired wealth, yet the world makes its best bow to the purse and to the sceptre. Notwithstanding this, there is one reckoning that must be made in common by millionaire and clown; by prince and peasant. When Death approaches, gold, station, pride, all earthly vanities appear in their true values and help not at all to ward off the threatened stroke. This pathetic little story tells us of the powerlessness of even the most powerful to resist death, and sets forth the emptiness of titles, place, and authority in the presence of the Great Messenger. The little Dauphin¹ is the prince royal heir to the throne of France. He is guarded and cared for like a king. He has been educated to succeed his father as king. He has been trained to put his trust in cannons, in swords and in soldiers, in titles and in money. This story tells the extent to which he can rely on these things to keep Death from him.

¹Pronounced dō'fīn.

*From "Letters from my Mill" by Daudet. Used by the courteous permission of Little, Brown & Company. Copyright, 1899, 1900.

THE DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN

The little Dauphin is ill; the little Dauphin is dying. In all the churches of the kingdom the Holy Sacrament remains exposed night and day, and great tapers burn, for the recovery of the royal child. The streets of the old capital are sad and silent, the bells ring no more, the carriages slacken their pace. In the neighborhood of the palace the curious townspeople gaze through the railings upon the beadles, who converse in the courts and put on important airs.

All the castle is in a flutter. Chamberlains and majordomos run up and down the marble stairways. The galleries are full of pages and of courtiers in silken apparel, who hurry from one group to another, begging in low tones for news. Upon the wide perrons¹ the maids of honor, in tears, exchange low courtesies and wipe their eyes with daintily embroidered handkerchiefs.

A large assemblage of robed physicians has gathered in the Orangery. They can be seen through the panes waving their black sleeves and inclining their periwigs with professional gestures. The governor and the equerry of the little Dauphin walk up and down before the door awaiting the decision of the Faculty. Scullions pass by without saluting them. The equerry swears like a pagan; the governor quotes verses from Horace.

And meanwhile, over there, in the direction of the stables, is heard a long and plaintive neighing;

¹Pronounced pēr'ōn.

it is the little Dauphin's sorrel, forgotten by the hostlers, and calling sadly before his empty manger.

And the King? Where is his Highness, the King? The King has locked himself up in a room at the other end of the castle. Majesties do not like to be seen weeping. For the Queen, it is different. Sitting by the bedside of the little Dauphin, she bows her fair face, bathed in tears, and sobs very loudly before everybody, like a mere draper's wife.

On the bed embroidered with lace the little Dauphin, whiter than the pillows on which he is extended, lies with closed eyes. They think that he is asleep; but no, the little Dauphin is not asleep. He turns towards his mother, and seeing her tears, he asks:—

"Madame la Reine,¹ why do you weep? Do you really believe that I am going to die?"

The Queen tries to answer. Sobs prevent her from speaking.

"Do not weep, Madame la Reine. You forget that I am the Dauphin, and that Dauphins cannot die thus."

The Queen sobs more violently, and the little Dauphin begins to feel frightened.

"Halloa!" says he, "I do not want Death to come and take me away, and I know how to prevent him from coming here. Order up on the spot forty of the strongest lansquenets to keep guard around our bed! Have a hundred big cannons

¹Pronounced rĕn.

watch day and night, with lighted fuses, under our windows! And woe to Death if he dares to come near us!"

In order to humor the royal child, the Queen makes the sign. On the spot the great cannons are heard rolling in the courts, and forty tall lansquenets, with halberds in their fists, draw up around the room. They are all veterans, with grizzly mustaches. The little Dauphin claps his hands on seeing them. He recognizes one, and calls,—

"Lorrain! Lorrain!"

The veteran makes a step towards the bed.

"I love you well, my old Lorrain. Let me see your big sword. If Death wants to fetch me you will kill him, won't you?"

Lorrain answers: "Yes, Monseigneur."

And two great tears rolled down his tanned cheeks.

At that moment the chaplain approaches the little Dauphin, and pointing to the crucifix, talks to him in low tones. The little Dauphin listens with astonished air; then, suddenly interrupting him—

"I understand well what you are saying, Monsieur l'Abbe; but still, couldn't my little friend Beppo die in my place, if I gave him plenty of money?"

The chaplain continues to talk to him in low tones, and the little Dauphin looks more and more astonished.

When the chaplain has finished, the little Dauphin resumes, with a heavy sigh:—

“What you have said is all very sad, Monsieur l’Abbe; but one thing consoles me, and that is that up there, in the Paradise of the stars, I shall still be the Dauphin. I know that the good God is my cousin, and cannot fail to treat me according to my rank.”

Then he adds, turning toward his mother:

“Bring me my fairest clothes, my doublet of white ermine, and pumps of velvet! I wish to look brave to the angels, and to enter Paradise in the dress of a Dauphin.”

A third time the chaplain bends over the little Dauphin, and talks to him in low tones. In the midst of his discourse the royal child interrupts him angrily.

“Why, then,” he cries, “to be Dauphin is nothing at all!”

And refusing to listen to anything more, the little Dauphin turns toward the wall and weeps bitterly.

—*Alphonse Daudet.*

NOTES

1. *Dauphin.* Oldest son of the French King, direct heir to the French throne.
2. *Chamberlain.* An officer of the court who had the responsibility of guarding and caring for the private chambers of a prince or king.
3. *Majordomos.* Stewards or royal attendants in the king’s palace, masters of the house.
4. *Perrons.* Landings or balconies.

5. *Orangery*. A conservatory where orange trees and other tropical plants are kept.
6. *The Faculty*. The consulting physicians.
7. *Equerry*. A royal officer charged with the care of the king's horses.
8. *La Reine*. The Queen.
9. *Monseigneur*. My Lord.
10. *L'Abbé*. The Abbot.
11. *Lansquenets* (lâns'-kě-něts). Foot soldiers.
12. Look up the pronunciation and meanings of the following words: Dauphin, Holy Sacrament, tapers, beadles, chamberlains, majordomos, courtiers, Orangery, perrons, equerry, the Faculty, la Reine, lansquenets, halberds, doublet, ermine, pumps, brave, pagan.

EXERCISES

1. Why should the people of the whole kingdom be so much concerned about a single child?
2. What places are mentioned in the first paragraph as affected by the sad news?
3. What classes of people show interest and grief as shown in the second paragraph?
4. Are money and trouble being spared in the effort to save the child?
5. Why should the scullions pass the governor and equerry without saluting them?
6. Why does the author tell us of the neighing of the horse?
7. What is told us in the Queen's weeping?
8. Is the Dauphin serious when he says he cannot die?
9. Upon what does the child depend?
10. Why does the chaplain approach when he does?
11. What is the substance of what the chaplain tells as to Beppo's dying for him?
12. What does he tell the Dauphin when he speaks for the third time to him?
13. Why does the child declare it is nothing to be Dauphin?
14. What error had been made in the little Dauphin's training?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

DICKENS: The Death of Little Nell. The Death of Paul Dombey.

BROWNING: Prospice.

TENNYSON: Crossing the Bar.

BRYANT: Thanatopsis.

WHITTIER: At Last.

EMERSON: Terminus.

THACKERAY: Death of Colonel Newcome.

GREENE: The Baron's Last Banquet.

HAYNE: In Harbor.

LONGFELLOW: In the Harbor. Victor and Vanquished.

WORDSWORTH: Intimations on Immortality.

THE BLIND WEAVER

A blind boy stood beside the loom
And wove a fabric. To and fro
Beneath his firm and steady touch
He made the busy shuttle go.

And oft the teacher passed that way
And gave the colors, thread by thread;
But by the boy the pattern fair
Was all unseen; its hues were dead.

"How can you weave?" we, pitying, cried.
The blind boy smiled. "I do my best;
I make the fabric firm and strong,
And one who sees does all the rest."

Oh, happy thought! Beside life's loom
We blindly strive our best to do;
And He who marked the pattern out
And holds the threads will make it true.
—*Beth Day.*

DAWN

IN this busy workaday world, with its whirl and hurry and hum, we need to have our eyes opened to the exquisite beauties of God's out-of-doors. Perhaps no bit of word painting has ever surpassed that in this famous extract from Edward Everett. The passage here given is a portion of an address on "The Uses of Astronomy" delivered at the inauguration of the Dudley Observatory at Albany, New York. Although Edward Everett was merely describing a commonplace journey taken by thousands of travelers whose eyes were closed to such exquisite beauty, yet he saw in shifting cloud and radiant sunrise the power and wisdom and glory of the great Unseen. With soul attuned to nature's loveliness and beauty, and with a heart sensitive to truth, he leads us to see through the glories of nature the majesty and power of nature's God.

A few years ago, a party of care-free sight-seers were starting on this same journey when one of their number, a gifted speaker, recited the first two paragraphs at the station platform. All stopped their conversation to hear the music of his voice and turned instinctively to study the

heavens. As the train sped through the Blue Hills the party implored the speaker to recite the entire extract amidst the "flash of purple fire" of sunrise, and a deep quiet seemed to fall upon the hearts of all. There was not one who alighted from the train at Boston who was willing after such an experience to say, "There is no God."

DAWN

I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston; and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene, midsummer's night,—the sky was without a cloud,—the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral luster but little affected by her presence.

Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady Pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of

twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn.

The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy teardrops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who, in the morning of the world, went up to the hilltops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand. But I am filled with amazement, when I am told, that, in this enlightened age and in the heart of the Christian world, there are

persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."

—*Edward Everett.*

NOTES

1. Look up the life of Edward Everett.
2. Locate on any good map: Providence, Boston.
3. *Jupiter*. The largest planet in our solar system, and, next to Venus, the brightest.
4. *Pleiades* (plē'-yā-dēz). A group of seven small stars in the constellation of Taurus. According to a Greek myth, Jupiter turned the seven daughters of Atlas and the nymph Pleione into a constellation.
5. *Lyra* (lī'-rā), *Andromeda* (Ān-drōm' ē-dā). Two brilliant star-groups in the northern heavens.
6. *Pointers*. The two stars in the Great Dipper in line with the polar star.
7. *Blue Hills*. A group of picturesque low hills southwest of Boston.
8. *Magians* (mā'-jī-ān). The Persian worshipers of fire and sun as representations of Deity.
9. Be prepared to give clearly the meaning of each of the following expressions as here used: unearthly clank, serene, whist, spectral luster, herald, sovereign, timid approach, perceptible, sister-beams, wondrous transfiguration, watch-stars, celestial concave, superstition, amazement, enlightened age, manifestation.

EXERCISES

1. On what occasion was this address delivered?
2. What experience of the speaker is referred to?
3. What tells us the mood of that early morning?
4. Trace clearly the steps by which Edward Everett pictured to us this beautiful sunrise?
5. Explain "turned the dewy teardrops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds."
6. To what is the rising sun likened?
7. Who were the ancient Magians?

8. Why did not Everett wonder that these ancients worshiped the sun?
9. What most filled him with amazement?
10. What great truth of life is revealed through Nature to the open-hearted observer?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

EVERETT: Washington. Gettysburg Address.

RUSKIN: Modern Painters.

DISRAELI: Description of a Storm.

COLERIDGE: Ode to Mt. Blanc.

BROWNING: The Year's at the Spring.

JAMES THOMSON: Sunrise.

WILSON FLAGG: The Morning Oratorio.

STEVENSON: Morning Prayer.

WORDSWORTH: Star-gazers.

MOORE: I Saw the Moon Rise Clear.

WHAT MAKES A NATION

What makes a nation? Is it ships or states or
flags or guns?

Or is it that great common heart which beats
in all her sons—

This makes a nation great and strong and certain
to endure,

This subtle inner voice that thrills a man and
makes him sure;

Which makes him know there is no north or
south or east or west,

But that his land must ever stand the bravest
and the best.

—W. D. Nesbit.

THE LIGHTS OF LONDON TOWN

HEART-BROKEN, worn, and weary, a man and woman return from the great city to their native village in the country districts of England. They had fought in vain against penury and want, and, defeated, they now return heartsick to the humble little home whence as mere lad and lassie, blithe of spirit, they followed the gleaming lights of London Town in search of fame and fortune.

To young people reared in rural districts or in small villages, the great city has many allurements. The broad walks, finely paved streets, magnificent buildings, brilliant lights, fast-moving vehicles, and surging multitudes, enchant and charm. The ambitious country lad longs to enter the mad current of life, to make vast fortunes, and to rise to places of highest honor, little dreaming of the tireless struggles, dire hardships, and, perchance, defeats, in store. In this poem, every reader who has seen visions or dreamed dreams is fully disenchanted. All glitter and gloss is removed. Every young person who longs for life in a great city should read this message thoughtfully and resolve to face stern realities wherever he may seek to do his life work.

THE LIGHTS OF LONDON TOWN

The way was long and weary,
But gallantly they strode,
A country lad and lassie,
Along the heavy road.
The night was dark and stormy,
But blithe of heart were they,
For shining in the distance
The Lights of London lay.

O gleaming lamps of London that gem the City's
crown,
What fortunes lie within you, O Lights of London
Town.

The year passed on and found them
Within the mighty fold,
The years had brought them trouble,
But brought them little gold.
Oft from their garret window,
On long still summer nights,
They'd seek the far-off country
Beyond the London lights.

O mocking lamps of London, what weary eyes
look down,
And mourn the day they saw you, O Lights of
London Town.

With faces worn and weary,
That told of sorrow's load,
One day a man and woman
Crept down a country road.

They sought their native village,
Heart-broken from the fray;
Yet shining still behind them,
The Lights of London lay.
O cruel lamps of London, if tears your lights could
drown,
Your victims' eyes would weep them, O Lights of
London Town.

—George R. Sims.

EXERCISES

1. In what mood were the man and woman returning to their native village?
2. Where had they been?
3. In what mood did they enter the great city?
4. What do you think attracted them to the city?
5. What were their fortunes in the "mighty fold"?
6. What mood prompted them to look yearningly back from their garret window toward their home village?
7. Explain "mocking lamps."
8. Why earlier "gleaming lamps"?
9. Why afterwards "cruel lamps"?
10. In what sense were the lad and lassie "victims" to the Lights of London Town?
11. What universal truth does this poem contain?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BROWNING: Up at a Villa—Down in the City.

HOOD: I Remember, I Remember.

FELICIA HEMANS: The Homes of England.

MRS. SHERWOOD: Carcassone.

RILEY: Grigsby Station.

WILL CARLETON: The New House.

ROBERT BUCHANAN: Spring Song in the City.

JOHN DAVIDSON: London.

STEVENSON: Farewell to the Farm.

EVELYN UNDERHILL: Uxbridge Road.

THE WONDERFUL ONE-HOSS SHAY

FEW poems of American authors have made people think more and smile more than has this wonderful bit of humor of Holmes. Oliver Wendell Holmes was himself a clear, scholarly thinker, who wrote excellent works pertaining to his profession of medicine, but whose reputation is especially secure in the field of literature. Doctor Holmes was a graduate of Harvard College who was loved by all his associates so that one of them said of him, "He made you think you were the best fellow in the world and he was the next best." Although his father was a sedate, dull, Congregational minister, the son was full of humor, bright, clever, with that happy faculty of teaching the truth while he caused a ripple of laughter. The following poem taken from the charming "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," is the cleverly told story of a pious old deacon who believed that the way to keep a chaise from breaking down is to avoid having a "weak spot" and hence,

"Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

Although "Logic is logic" and theories may be

perfect, work and practice are carried on in the human way; hence we are intensely interested in the deacon's plan and its outcome. The humor of the poem is so rich and so satisfying that the truth subtly and agreeably revealed does not admit of serious argument.

THE WONDERFUL ONE-HOSS SHAY*

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay;
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five:
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,

*Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, the authorized publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company.

In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
That a chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*,")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun'!
It should be so built that it *could n'* break daown;
—"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke,—
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of whitewood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellow,"—
Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em.

Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,

Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through,"—
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew."

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren,—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

Eighteen hundred!—it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then came fifty, and *fifty-five*.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,

So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

First of November,—the Earthquake day,—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,

Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!

—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

NOTES

1. Read Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."
2. *Shay*. Chaise. Be prepared to name all the essential parts of a chaise or carriage.
3. *Georgius Secundus*. George II of England, who was born in Hanover and was German in speech and ideas.
4. *Lisbon-town saw the earth open*. The great Lisbon earthquake occurred November 1, 1755. Look up a complete account of the disaster.
5. *Braddock's army was done so brown*.—A reference to the defeat of the British and the death of General Braddock in the expedition against Fort Duquesne. (Du kāne.)
6. *Swore*. Declared emphatically. The words in Yankee dialect following tell what the Deacon "swore" he would do.

7. *Settler's ellum.* An elm-tree planted by the original settler of the town.
8. *The pit.* The pit in the tannery.
9. *Encore.* Also.
10. *Working his Sunday text.* Preparing his sermon.
11. *Fifthly.* The fifth division of his sermon.
12. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following words and expressions as here used: logical, snuffy old drone, fellow, thill, thoroughbrace, lancewood, crossbars, linchpin, boot, Deacon's masterpiece, flavor of mild decay, nothing local, whipple-tree.

EXERCISES

1. Tell something of the author of the poem.
2. In what spirit is the poem written?
3. With what historic events is the incident in the poem associated?
4. Upon what theory did the Deacon construct "The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay"?
5. Explain in detail how he worked out the theory.
6. What was the result of his work?
7. What incidents are introduced to show the wonderful lasting qualities of the "shay"?
8. Explain the truth in the stanza beginning "Little of all we value here."
9. What traces of age at last appear?
10. Explain "nothing local."
11. Explain "There wasn't a chance for one to start."
12. Why have the parson working on his sermon when the end came?
13. Explain,

"All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst."
14. To what extent had the truth in the Deacon's theory kept its youth?
15. To what objection is "Logic is logic" the answer?
16. What truth is revealed so playfully?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HOLMES: The Chambered Nautilus. The Voiceless. The Old Man Dreams.

LONGFELLOW: The Builders. Ladder of St. Augustine.

HOLLAND: Gradatim.

ELLIOTT: The Builders.

HUBBARD: A Message to Garcia.

PIATT: The Gift of Empty Hands.

MARK TWAIN: Whitewashing the Fence.

EMERSON: Essays—Self-Reliance. Intellect.

ARNOLD: Self-Dependence.

BACON: Of Vicissitude of Things.

PORTIA'S PLEA

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: It is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

—William Shakespeare.

LEONAINIE

NOTHING moves our hearts to grief like the death of a little child. The poetry and pathos of Dickens' "Death of Little Nell" will always touch the hearts of child-lovers. The great teacher, Froebel, was right when he said, "The child is the living witness of the presence of God." So when a child dies, it seems that a part of heaven is gone from earth. No one in our day seemed to feel this so keenly as did our Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley. Although he never had children of his own, Riley sang charming child-songs. In this exquisite child-poem, he has given a grown-up's interpretation of childhood, and has hinted that sorrow for the death of a child is too deep for even the consolation of prayer.

The following incident connected with the first publication of "Leonainie" and with Riley's rise to favor with the eastern magazines, is of interest to all. The account is given by Mr. J. W. Iden, of Parsons, Kansas, an enthusiastic disciple of the "Hoosier Poet."

"James Whitcomb Riley, the 'Hoosier Poet,' while deservedly popular in his native state and throughout the West, was unable to gain recogni-

tion from the eastern magazines. He felt that this was an injustice to him, and ascribed it to the prevailing eastern prejudice against those who have had the misfortune to be born west of the Allegheny Mountains.



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

“Eastern literary doors were closed, locked, and bolted against him, and so it came about that he resolved to capture by strategy that which successfully resisted assault.

“He secured an old and well-worn copy of Ainsworth’s Latin Dictionary, wrote Edgar Allan Poe’s name on one of the fly leaves, and on the other wrote the now famous poem, ‘Leonainie,’ and took the book to the editor of a weekly newspaper in one of the smaller cities of eastern Indiana. He made this editor acquainted with his plans, and the next issue of this Indiana weekly contained an account of the finding of an old dictionary with Poe’s name on one of its fly leaves and an unpublished poem on another. It was suggested editorially that it was barely possible the book had once been the property of Edgar Allan Poe, and that the poem, which was published in full, might prove to be the work of the famous author of ‘The Raven.’

“Apparently by the merest accident, a copy of this paper fell into the hands of the literary editor of a prominent eastern magazine, and proved to be a veritable literary bomb-shell. It was heralded as the literary ‘find’ of that generation, and the Indiana editor was made the subject of much adverse comment because of the obtuseness that had prevented him from recognizing this literary pearl.

“During all this time Riley and his friend, the editor, maintained a discreet and misleading silence. Letters began to pour in upon the editor’s table from the publishers of the leading magazines, which were ample evidence that the plan was working well.

"After consultation with Riley, the editor, in a subsequent issue, gave out, through his editorial columns, the facts connected with the first publication of 'Leonainie.' The literary gods who dwelt along the Atlantic coast were shocked, surprised, and a bit angry, but it was now too late. The poem had been extensively copied by both American and English reviewers, and had been frequently declared to be not only the genuine literary offspring of Poe, but one of his best, if not his very best. In fact, after the name of the real author was disclosed, so good an authority as Edmund Clarence Stedman maintained with considerable warmth that the poem was unquestionably written by Poe.

"Since that time the 'Hoosier Poet' has been warmly welcomed by those who once subscribed without reservation to the doctrine that no good poem can come from the pen of a native of the uncultured West."

LEONAINIE*

LEONAINIE—angels named her;

And they took the light

Of the laughing stars and framed her

In a smile of white;

And they made her hair of gloomy

Midnight, and her eyes of bloomy

Moonshine, and they brought her to me

In the solemn night.

*From *Armazindy*, by James Whitecomb Riley, copyright 1894. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

In a solemn night of summer,
When my heart of gloom
Blossomed up to greet the comer
Like a rose in bloom;
All forebodings that distressed me
I forgot as Joy caressed me—
(Lying Joy! that caught and pressed me
In the arms of doom!)

Only spake the little lisper
In the Angel-tongue;
Yet I, listening, heard her whisper,—
“Songs are only sung
Here below that they may grieve you—
Tales but told you to deceive you,—
So must Leonainie leave you
While her love is young.”

Then God smiled and it was morning.
Matchless and supreme
Heaven's glory seemed adorning
Earth with its esteem:
Every heart but mine seemed gifted
With the voice of prayer, and lifted
Where my Leonainie drifted
From me like a dream.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

NOTES

1. *Leonainie* (lē' ô-nā' nê). Pronounce the name many times until you can appreciate its real music.
2. Read and re-read the entire poem with no thought of analyzing it closely. See how its meaning grows on you.

3. After you have become well acquainted with the message of the poem, read and study Eugene Field's *Little Boy Blue*.
4. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following words and expressions as here used: smile of white, gloomy midnight, bloomy moonshine, solemn night, blossomed up, forebodings, caressed, lying joy, arms of doom, lisper, Angel-tongue, matchless, supreme.

EXERCISES

1. Tell all you can of Leonainie as shown in this poem.
2. Explain the meaning of the first four lines.
3. What were the "forebodings that distressed me"?
4. Explain "Joy caressed me."
5. Then, why say "*Lying Joy!*"?
6. What was the "Angel-tongue"?
7. In what sense did he hear her whisper the message?
8. Just what is the message whispered?
9. What is the meaning of the first line of the last stanza?
10. What tells us of the nature of the morning?
11. What strong contrast in the last stanza?
12. Why was not the speaker's heart "gifted with the voice of prayer"?
13. What delicate touch closes the poem?
14. What in this poem shows Riley's deep love for children?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

TENNYSON: Sweet and Low.

FIELD: Little Boy Blue. The Lyttel Boy.

POE: Ulalume.

MACDONALD: Baby.

RANKIN: The Babe.

GILDER: A Child.

RILEY: Bereaved. The Lost Kiss.

LOWELL: The Changeling.

THAYER: The Waiting Choir.

GEORGE BARLOW: The Dead Child.

PIERPONT: My Child.

BROWNING: Evelyn Hope.

HOOD: The Deathbed.

REALF: The Children.

SWINBURNE: Mourning. A Baby's Death.

HOHENLINDEN

HOHENLINDEN¹ means tall linden trees.

It is the name of a great forest in upper Bavaria, in the midst of which stands the village of Hohenlinden.

The battle of Hohenlinden referred to in this poem occurred December 3, 1800, during one of Napoleon's campaigns. The battle was fought between the French under Moreau² on the one side, and the Austrians under Archduke John on the other side. A blinding snow-storm raged during the battle and covered, as a winding sheet, the thousands who were slain.

Charles A. Dana places this poem as one of the ten best poems in the language, and it is certainly one of the best of war poems. When one reads the history of the stirring campaigns of Napoleon, he can easily picture the vivid scenes set forth. Linden's hills of stained snow, the waving banners, the fierce charge of the cavalry, and the awful destruction of the fierce fires of death are vivid pictures artistically blended with an effect that thrills every heart.

¹Pronounced hō' ěn-lĭn' dĕn. ²Pronounced mō-rō'.

HOHENLINDEN

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly:

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hill of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

—*Thomas Campbell.*

NOTES

1. *Linden.* Linden is an abbreviated form of Hohenlinden, the name of the forest where the battle was fought. It is situated between the river Iser and the river Inn.
2. *Fires of death.* The vivid flashes of the artillery.
3. *War clouds, rolling dun.* The clouds of battle smoke.
4. *Sulphurous canopy.* Another reference to the smoke of battle.
5. *Frank.* The French.
6. *Hun.* The Austrians.
7. *Munich.* City of Germany nineteen miles east of Hohenlinden.
8. *Chivalry.* Cavalry.
9. *Winding-sheet.* The snow covering the dead bodies is spoken of as if wrapped around them preparing them for burial.
10. Look up the following words and expressions: untrodden, fires of death, scenery, battle blade, neighed, dreadful revelry, riven, bolts of heaven, level sun, sulphurous, chivalry, sepulcher, winding sheet.

EXERCISES

1. To what battle does this poem refer?
2. In any good school history, look up the battle of Hohenlinden and tell what you can concerning the battle.
3. What tells us of the condition of the battle-field before the battle took place?
4. What time was this battle fought?

5. Under what conditions did the soldiers prepare for the fierce battle?
6. Explain "dreadful revelry."
7. What tells us of the fierceness of the battle?
8. How long did the battle last?
9. Between what parties was it fought?
10. From this poem, upon which side do you think the author's sympathies were?
11. With what feeling do we leave the reading of the poem?
12. Why do you think this poem is regarded as a great war poem?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

COLLIN: How Sleep the Brave.

BOKER: Dirge for a Soldier.

SCOTT: Soldier, Rest.

WILSON: Such is the Death the Soldier Dies.

RILEY: The Silent Victors.

BYRON: The Night Before Waterloo. Destruction of Sennacherib.

PROCTER: The Overthrow of Belshazzar.

KIPLING: Hymn Before Action.

A GOOD NAME

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:

Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to
thousands;

But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

—*William Shakespeare.*

A CALL TO ARMS

IN the stirring days just preceding the Revolutionary War, the second Revolutionary Convention of Virginia assembled at Richmond, March 20, 1775. It was evident that unless Great Britain took immediate steps toward conciliation, American colonial war was inevitable. Many of the colonies had already taken steps to raise troops, some of the settlements in Virginia had done this also. As yet Virginia had taken no general action. None but the boldest were ready to admit that war could not be averted. Three days after the first meeting of the convention, Patrick Henry introduced three resolutions calling for the establishment of a colonial militia, and for an appointment of a committee to put the colonies in a state of defense. The famous speech of March 23, 1775, made in defense of these resolutions, is a definite declaration that the time for conference had passed, and that war was actually begun.

A very interesting account of the speech, related by an eye-witness, has come down to us:

When Patrick Henry said, "Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?" he stood in the attitude of

a condemned galley-slave loaded with fetters, awaiting his doom. His form was bowed, his wrists were crossed, his manacles were almost visible, as he stood the embodiment of helpless-



PATRICK HENRY

ness and agony. After a solemn pause he raised his eyes and chained hands toward Heaven, and prayed, in words and tones which thrilled every heart, "Forbid it, Almighty God." He then turned toward the timid loyalists of the House,

who were quaking with terror; he slowly bent his form yet nearer to the earth and said, "I know not what course others may take," and accompanied the words with his hands still crossed, while he seemed to be weighed down with additional chains. The man appeared transformed into a suppressed, heart-broken, and hopeless felon. After remaining in this posture of humiliation long enough to impress the imagination with the condition of the colonies under the iron heel of military despotism, he arose proudly to exclaim, "but as for me," and the words hissed through his clenched teeth, while his body was thrown back, and every muscle and tendon was strained against the fetters which bound him. With his countenance distorted by agony and rage, he looked for a moment like Laocoön in the death struggle with coiling serpents, then the loud, clear, triumphant notes, "give me liberty," electrified the assembly. It was not a prayer, but a stern demand which would submit to no refusal or delay. Each syllable of the word "liberty" echoed through the building; his fetters were shivered; his arms were hurled apart; and the links of his chain were scattered to the winds. When he spoke the word "liberty," with an emphasis never given it before, his hands were open, and his arms elevated and extended; his countenance was radiant; he stood

erect and defiant; while the sound of his voice and the sublimity of his attitude made him appear a magnificent incarnation of Freedom. After a momentary pause, only long enough to permit the echo of the word "liberty" to die away, he let his left hand fall powerless to his side, and clenched his right hand firmly, as if holding a dagger with the point aimed at his breast; and closed the grand appeal with the solemn words, "or give me death." And he suited the action to the word by a blow upon the left breast which seemed to drive the dagger to the patriot's heart.

In spite of strong opposition, the resolutions were carried, and Virginia was raised to leadership in the great Revolutionary struggle. The speech of Patrick Henry should be known and appreciated by every citizen of our country.

A CALL TO ARMS

Mr. President: It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may

cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation,—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those

chains which the British Ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves

never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of Nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of

Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace! peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!—*Patrick Henry*.

NOTES

1. Look up the story of these times in any good history.
2. Memorize the address. Read it, keeping in mind the manner in which it was delivered.
3. Read any good, short account of the life of Patrick Henry.
4. Study carefully the following words and expressions: illusions, salvation, temporal, siren, insidious smile, subjugation, martial array, petition, demonstrated, supplicated, inviolate, estimable, formidable, irresolution, supinely, delusive, phantom, election, extenuate.

EXERCISES

1. On what occasion was this speech delivered?
2. What spirit does the speaker show in the first paragraph?
3. How does he think the conduct of the British minister may be judged?
4. Explain "Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss."
5. What causes Great Britain to marshal armies and navies?
6. What have the colonies so far done toward conciliation?
7. What answer did they get in each case?

8. What alternative only remains?
9. Explain the meaning of "an appeal to arms and to the God of hosts."
10. Explain "We shall not fight our battles alone."
11. Explain "We have no election."
12. Explain carefully the manner in which the last part of the speech was delivered.
13. What do you think makes this oration so strong?
14. What was the final effect of the oration throughout the colonies?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LONGFELLOW: Paul Revere's Ride.

BRYANT: Seventy-six.

MCMASTER: The Old Continentals.

READ: The Rising in 1776. Our Defenders.

EMERSON: Conquered.

HAWTHORNE: The Gray Champion.

WEBSTER: Supposed Speech of John Adams.

DARE TO DO RIGHT

Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.

Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
Other men's failures can never save you;
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your
faith;

Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

—George L. Taylor.

MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY

NEXT to the name of William Tell stands that of Arnold von Winkelried¹ in the great struggle for Swiss liberty. The Swiss people were fighting to free their country from the oppressive rule of Austria. The well-trained Austrian cavalry met those brave Swiss mountaineers in the pass of Sempach,² July 9, 1386. As the Austrians were unable to manage their horses to good advantage in the narrow pass, they dismounted and stood shoulder to shoulder, forming a human wall protected by the bristling line of spears pointed toward the Swiss patriots. At a certain moment, when the Swiss had repeatedly failed to break the serried ranks of the Austrian knights, a knight of Unterwalden,³ Arnold von Winkelried by name, came to the rescue. Consigning his wife and children to the care of his comrades, he rushed toward the Austrian line, and gathering a number of their spears against his breast, he fell pierced through and through, thus opening the way for his patriot-comrades into the ranks of the enemy. The Swiss were victorious, the Austrians were driven from the land, and Switzerland was free!

¹Pronounced vīn' kēl rēt.

²Pronounced zēm' pāk.

³Pronounced ðon' tēr-väl' dēn.

MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY

“Make way for Liberty!” he cried;
 Made way for Liberty, and died!

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
 A living wall, a human wood!
 A wall, where every conscious stone
 Seemed to its kindred thousands grown;
 A rampart all assaults to bear,
 Till time to dust their frames shall wear;
 A wood like that enchanted grove,
 In which, with fiends, Rinaldo strove,
 Where every silent tree possessed
 A spirit prisoned in its breast,
 Which the first stroke of coming strife
 Would startle into hideous life:
 So dense, so still, the Austrians stood,
 A living wall, a human wood!

Impregnable their front appears,
 All horrent with projected spears,
 Whose polished points before them shine,
 From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
 Bright as the breakers' splendors run
 Along the billows to the sun.

Opposed to these, a hovering band
 Contended for their native land;
 Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
 From manly necks the ignoble yoke,

And forged their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords;
And what insurgent rage had gained,
In many a mortal fray maintained:
Marshaled once more at Freedom's call,
They come to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquered, he who fell,
Was deemed a dead, or living, Tell!

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within;
The battle trembled to begin;
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for attack was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 't were suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrant's feet;
How could they rest within their graves,
And leave their homes the homes of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread
With clanking chains above their head?

It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates the oppressor's power;
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she cannot yield;
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,

But every freeman was a host,
And felt as though himself were he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one, indeed:
Behold him! Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.
But 't was no sooner thought than done;
The field was in a moment won.

"Make way for Liberty!" he cried:
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp:
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried.
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bowed among them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly;
"Make way for Liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,

As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
While instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic scattered all.
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.
Thus Switzerland again was free,
Thus death made way for liberty.

—*James Montgomery.*

NOTES

1. Look up the story of William Tell.
2. *Rinaldo* (rê năl'-dō). The famous warrior figuring in the romantic tales of Italy and France. In a transport of rage he killed Charlemagne's nephew Berthlot. For this crime he was banished from France. After various adventures and disasters he went to the Holy Land and on his return succeeded in making peace with the Emperor.
3. Look up the story of the struggle for Swiss liberty in any good history. The incident here retold is one of splendid sacrifice, and one of the most heroic in the annals of patriotism.
4. Look up the meanings of the following words and expressions: rampart, ignoble, humiliate, unmarked, rumination, instantaneous, horrent, impregnable, phalanx.

EXERCISES

1. Upon what story is this poem based?
2. What do the first two lines of the story tell us?
3. Explain "living wall" and "human wood."
4. Explain "conscious stone."
5. Describe the appearance presented by the Austrian line.
6. What forces were opposed to the Austrians?
7. In what spirit did this little band oppose the Austrians?
8. Why did not the Swiss patriots begin the battle at once?
9. Why did they not rush at once to their death?
10. Why would the Swiss forces not retreat?
11. Why must they not fail?

12. Explain "Every freeman was a host."
13. What act fired the Swiss army in this critical moment?
14. What effect had this act on the Austrian phalanx?
15. In what sense did death make way for liberty?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

KNOWLES: William Tell.
HALLECK: Marco Bozzaris.
BROWNING: Incident of a French Camp.
DE AMICIS: The Sardinian Drummer Boy.
MACAULAY: Horatius at the Bridge.
PRINCE: Who Are the Free?
CROLY: Death of Leonidas.
McMURRY: William Tell.
BROWNING: The Patriot.
DESMOULINS: Live Free or Die.
MRS. HEMANS: The Cavern of the Three Tells.
SIR HENRY TAYLOR: The Hero.
ARNOLD: Self-Dependence.
BRYANT: William Tell.
TENNYSON: Charge of the Light Brigade.

DR. JOHNSON'S LETTER TO HIS DYING MOTHER

DEAR HONORED MOTHER:—You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman, in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and all that I have omitted to do well. God grant you His Holy Spirit, and receive you to everlasting happiness, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. I am, dear, dear mother, your dutiful son,
Samuel Johnson.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

THE ancient city of Rome was threatened by an Etruscan invasion. The Etruscans, led by King Porsena,¹ had made a sudden attack upon the Romans and had succeeded in capturing the hill Janiculum on the north side of the river. The Romans were fleeing in confusion, throwing away their arms as they ran. Horatius,² who had been set to guard the bridge, cried loudly to his men, "Men of Rome, it is to no purpose that ye leave your post, and flee; for if you leave this bridge behind you, for men to pass over, ye shall soon find that you have more enemies in your city than in Janiculum. Do ye therefore break down the bridge with axe and fire, and I, with two others, will stay the enemy." With the brave warriors Lartius³ and Herminius,⁴ Horatius ran forward to the further end of the bridge and for a time stayed the onset of the enemy. Meanwhile the Roman workmen were cutting down the bridge. Before the last beams were cut, the workmen called to the three brave warriors, bidding them come back. Horatius bade Lartius and Herminius return, but he himself remained on the further side. The Etruscan soldiers looked in awe upon the daring Horatius.

¹Pronounced pôr sê' nâ.

²Pronounced hô-râ' shî-us.

³Pronounced lâ'r' shî us.

⁴Pronounced hêr-mîn' î-us.

“No one dared fight the Roman Chieftain singlehanded, and so, for very shame, they all ran forward, raising a great shout, and threw their javelins at him. These all he caught upon his shield nor stood the less firmly. Suddenly, a great shout was heard on the Roman side, and the bridge fell with a crash into the river. The Etruscans taunted the dauntless hero and called upon him to yield.”

The rest of the story is told vividly in the following extract from Macaulay’s “Horatius at the Bridge.” One cannot read this poem without being fired with admiration for the heroes who defended their native city in the brave days of old.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
“Down with him!” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face;
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,
“Now yield thee to our grace.”

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;

But he saw on Palatinus¹
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome:

“Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!”
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard on either bank:
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain;
And heavy with his armor,

¹Pronounced pal' à tin' ūs.

And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin. . . .

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn land,
That was the public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plow from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day,
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,¹
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

—*Thomas Babington Macaulay.*

NOTES

1. *Etruscans* (ê-trūs' kans). Tuscans. A strong warlike people who dwelt in ancient times in the valley of the Po, according to legendary history. The Tarquin kings had been expelled from Rome, and Lars Porsena, king of Clusium, consented to espouse the cause of the Etruscans. Porsena therefore marched upon Rome with the idea of placing the Tuscan king on the throne of Rome.
2. *Janiculum* (jā-nīc'ū-lum). A hill on the north side of the Tiber opposite the city of Rome.
3. This event is said to have occurred at Rome about 405 B. C.
4. "As much as two strong oxen could plow (*around*) from morn till night."
5. Look up carefully the following words and expressions: grace, harness, rapturous, denying, gory hands, corn land, Comitium, deigning, craven ranks, sheathed, I ween.

EXERCISES

1. Why were the Etruscans anxious to capture Rome?
2. Give, in your own words, the events leading up to the story of the poem.
3. In what situation do you find the brave Horatius?
4. Why did he say nothing in reply to their jeers?
5. What had just happened that made his remaining longer certain death?
6. What was the prayer he uttered to the River Tiber?

¹Pronounced kô-mīsh' ī-ŭm.

7. What effect was produced on friends and foes by his sudden plunging into the river?
8. What effect on either side as they saw his crest appear upon the waves?
9. How many things were against his landing safely?
10. How only could his safe landing be accounted for?
11. Why did the Roman Fathers throng around him?
12. Why did the joyous crowd bear him in triumph with shouts, clapping, and noise of weeping?
13. What real service had he performed for his country?
14. What reward did his country bestow in return?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HUBBARD: A Message to Garcia.

MACAULAY: Lays of Ancient Rome.

EMERSON: Essays—Self-Reliance.

EDWIN ARNOLD: Armageddon.

TENNYSON: Charge of the Light Brigade.

HARTE: John Burns of Gettysburg.

HALLECK: Marco Bozzaris.

TRUE COURAGE

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink,
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—James Russell Lowell.

GINEVRA

THIS poem is one of a collection of pieces in prose and blank verse which make up the author's "Italy." It commemorates the tragic fate of an innocent but gay young Italian bride who on her wedding night in playful mood, "fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy," had concealed herself within an old oaken chest whose spring lock "fastened her down forever." The guests sought for her in vain, and not until years had passed was her fate discovered. The chest and a portrait of the lady were shown the poet on his visit to Modena. On seeing these, he wrote the following poem.

GINEVRA

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
To Modena,
Stop at a Palace near the Reggio gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee.

A summer sun
Sets ere one half is seen; but, ere thou go,
Enter the house—prithce, forget it not—
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'T is a lady in her earliest youth,
The very last of that illustrious race,
Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
He who observes it—ere he passes on—
Gazes his fill, and comes, and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
As though she said, "Beware!" Her vest of gold
'Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head
to foot,
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody.

Alone it hangs
Over a moldering heirloom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With scripture stories from the life of Christ:
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
That by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,

That precious gift, what else remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still, as she grew, forever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco¹ Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was—all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come,—the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in the luster of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy, but at the bridal feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there,
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
“’T is but to make a trial of our love!”
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
’T was but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back and flying still,—
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed
But that she was not.

Weary of his life,
 Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
 Orsini lived; and long mightst thou have seen

An old man wandering as in quest of something,—

Something he could not find, he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained a while
Silent and tenantless; then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,

When on an idle day—a day of search

'Mid the old lumber in the gallery—

That moldering chest was noticed; and 't was said,

By one as young, as thoughtless, as Ginevra,

“Why not remove it from its lurking-place?”

'T was done as soon as said; but on the way

It burst, it fell; and, lo, a skeleton,

With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,

A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold!

All else had perished save a nuptial ring,

And a small seal, her mother's legacy,

Engraven with a name, the name of both,

“Ginevra.” There, then, had she found a grave!

Within that chest had she concealed herself,

Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;

When a spring lock, that lay in ambush there,

Fastened her down forever!

—*Samuel Rogers.*

NOTES

1. Modena, mō'dā-nā, a city of northern Italy.
2. Reggio, rēd'jō, a city sixteen miles northwest of Modena.
3. Orsini, ōr-sē'nē, a noted Italian family name.
4. Zampieri, tsām-pyā'rē, an Italian painter, 1581-1641.
5. Antony, an artist of Trent in Austria.
6. Doria, celebrated family name of Genoa.
7. Study until every word and passage is clear.

EXERCISES

1. What suggested this poem to the author?
2. Give briefly the story of the poem.
3. Why is the author so anxious that the reader should see the picture if ever in Modena?
4. What effect of the picture upon even the casual observer?
5. Describe the picture as the poet has made you see it.
6. Why does it haunt him still "like some wild melody"?
7. What shows his lesser interest in the chest?
8. Just what do you infer was Ginevra's character?
9. Explain "She gave her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco."
10. Explain "his hand shook."
11. What was thought to be her fate?
12. What events led to the real explanation of her mysterious disappearance?
13. If this poem represents a great truth of life, in what sense is a young person to-day likely to shut himself up and come to naught?
14. What, then, seems to be the deeper meaning of her attitude and of "Beware!" in the third stanza?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BIBLE: Parable of the Talents (Matthew xxv, 14-30).

LOWELL: Hebe.

BONAR: We Walked Among the Whispering Pines.

INA COALBREITH: Fruitionless.

SUSAN MARR SPAULDING: Fate.

BYRON: The Prisoner of Chillon.

HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE: My Rose.

SUSAN COOLIDGE: Ginevra.

KEATS: Isabella.

THE DEATH OF LITTLE NELL

A BRAHAM LINCOLN once said that God must love the common people because He made so many of them. Charles Dickens must have had something of this philosophy, as he has told us so many beautiful things of the very poor. And when we think seriously of the matter, it is true that the life of the poor is a pæan of praise of that in man which is divine. Wealth and affluence do not bring out the highest qualities of the human soul.

Pleasure is a necessity of the race. Providence meant for each of us to be happy and endowed us with faculties which make it possible for us to recall that which we have seen, or heard, or experienced in any way, and by recombining these things, to create a new experience for our comfort. Thus the beggar upon the highway gets real and genuine pleasure from the possessions of his more fortunate brother. Blessed is that person whose privations make it necessary for him to hold feasts in his imagination. If his training is true, he eliminates that which is repulsive, ugly, or mean enough to embitter his soul, and preserves that which ever

enriches, ever blesses, ever beckons to higher ground, and becomes the holy of holies where he may worship and praise.

The true meaning of death as not only a natural result of life, but what may be also a triumphant sequel to a life well spent, can best be appreciated by one who has struggled with life's grimmest realities. It is not well to dwell morbidly upon death, nor yet is it wise to ignore its meaning and possibilities, as it is that which we must each face at last.

Few lovelier characters have been portrayed than Dickens' Little Nell. Only an acquaintance with her life as told in "Old Curiosity Shop" can lead one to appreciate fully the deep pathos and tragedy, yet ultimate triumph of her death.

The child, whose death is so powerfully described in the following, has led a life filled with experiences that tried to the utmost her frail body as well as her sterling character. At first she was a glad partner in her grandfather's humble though pleasant home in London. The grandfather's passion for gambling and the evil machinations of Quilp, the evil genius of the story, cause the child to persuade her grandfather to leave the city and flee into the country. After wandering about exposed to danger from

inclement weather, evil persons, and the results of the old man's habit of gambling, they meet a kind schoolmaster, who though poor himself, shows them great friendship. He secures a home and employment for them and is present in this last sad hour.

The story of Little Nell told in Dickens' powerful imagery has wrung the hearts of thousands. It is said that on one occasion a lady went to call on the great Thackeray and found him with his head bowed upon a book. The caller started to leave, when the novelist looked up with streaming eyes and exclaimed, "O, Little Nell is dead!" "Little Nell?" interrogated the visitor. "Yes, Little Nell. She is dead. I have just been reading about it," said he, pointing to the book. It was "Old Curiosity Shop."

THE DEATH OF LITTLE NELL

They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night but as the hours crept on, she sunk to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of people who had helped and used them kindly, for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervor. Waking, she never wandered in

her mind but once, and that was of beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead, at first.

She was dead. There, upon her little bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." Those were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child mistress was mute and motionless forever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her

sufferings, and fatigue. All gone. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon a cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and had the small hand tight folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on, through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked, in agony, to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour—the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday—could know her never more.

“It is not,” said the schoolmaster, as he bent

down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, "it is not on earth that Heaven's justice ends. Think what earth is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight; and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!"
—*Charles Dickens.*

NOTES

1. Read Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop."
2. Collect whatever stories you can, telling how great heroes have died.
3. Read Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar."
4. Look up carefully the meanings of the following words and expressions: portion, faintly, journeying, fervor, solemn stillness, marvel, fatigue, imaged, tranquil beauty, languid, anon, imploring, waning, free vent, deliberate.

EXERCISES

1. If Nell thought only of the people who had been kind to her, what was her condition in the scene in the opening paragraph?
2. What did her words tell us of her?
3. Why should she wish them to kiss her again?
4. How did she feel toward the old man?
5. What do you know of her life from her asking that they put "something that had loved the light" near her?
6. Why does the author describe the little bird as he does when he speaks of it?
7. Why does the author remind us that sorrow was dead and happiness was born?
8. Why recall her struggles with poverty and discomfort?
9. What does "So shall we know the angels" suggest?
10. What is the old man's feeling as he presses the hand of the dead child?
11. Why would the schoolmaster not call her back if he could?
12. Was there a triumph in this death?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*. *Death of Paul Dombey*.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE: *Death of Eva*, in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

HENRY WARD BEECHER: *Death of Lincoln*.

BROWNING: *Evelyn Hope*. *The Guardian Angel*.

TENNYSON: *Crossing the Bar*. *Break, Break, Break*.

MRS. BROWNING: *The Sleep*.

ADAMS: *Nearer, My God, to Thee*.

WHITTIER: *Thy Will be Done*. *Eternal Goodness*. *The Angel of Patience*.

BRYANT: *Thanatopsis*.

WORDSWORTH: *Intimations of Immortality*.

HOLMES: *The Voiceless*.

GRAY: *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*.

MCCREERY: *There is No Death*.

ELIOT: *The Choir Invisible*.

PRIEST: *Over the River*.

BACON: *Of Death*.

ALICE BROWN: *Rosy Balm*.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT: *The White Heron*.

THE NATURE OF LOVE

Love is the river of life in this world. Think not that ye know it who stand at the little tinkling rill—the first small fountain. Not until you have gone through the rocky gorges, and not lost the stream; not until you have gone through the meadow, and the stream has widened and deepened until fleets could ride on its bosom; not until beyond the meadow you have come to the unfathomable ocean, and poured your treasures into its depths—not until then can you know what love is.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

THOMAS HOOD, who wrote so touchingly of his childhood home, found it impossible to observe the life of the poor without pity welling up within and overflowing his heart. In his day, the condition of the workingman and seamstress was even worse than it is to-day. Long hours, insufficient light and air, and scanty wage all combined to cause the labor performed to absorb the entire life of the worker. Work itself is ennobling. Drudgery is always blighting. No greater service can be rendered the race than to make work pleasanter and more varied.

Nature seems to demand a rhythmic accompaniment to whatever we do with our hands. The mower whets his scythe to a tune. The sailor sings a certain song to a certain tune as he works the windlass. The slave gang gives utterance to a monotonous chant as they writhe under the overseer's tasks. So it seemed to the poet that there was an undertone of ineffable sadness peculiar to the seamstress' work as she spent the long hours bending over the interminable task of sewing, that others might be comfortable and satisfied with their appearance.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the “Song of the Shirt.”

“Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It’s oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

“Work—work—work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

“Oh, Men, with Sisters dear!
Oh, Men, with Mothers and Wives!

It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

“But why do I talk of Death,
That Phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

“Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

“Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,

Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,
As well as the weary hand.

“Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

“Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

“Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!”

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!
She sang this “Song of the Shirt!”

—*Thomas Hood.*

NOTES

1. Charles Dickens did much in his time to call the attention of his countrymen to many things that might be done to alleviate the sufferings of the poor workingmen. Read “Little Dorrit” and “David Copperfield” and note conditions as described there. In “Hard Times,” he does some of his most effective work along this line.
2. Find and read all you can of labor conditions in our own country. Especially notice all that you can find as to the laws enacted by various states in regard to the employment of women and children.
3. Find out all you can of the invention of the sewing machine. Tell how this invention affects the things mentioned in this poem.
4. Define as here used: dolorous, aloof, gusset, grisly, benumbed, twit.

EXERCISES

1. What are “unwomanly rags”?
2. May scanty wages ever excuse dirt?
3. Could bad sanitary conditions ever do so?
4. When does the cock “crow aloof”?
5. How long does the seamstress work each day in hours?
3. What is the significance of,

"It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!"?

7. What seems most dreadful in the seamstress' work?
8. Why does the author write, "seam, and gusset, and band," and in the next line repeat the same words in reverse order?
9. How can one be "wearing out human creatures' lives"?
10. What does he mean by "Sewing a Shroud as well as a Shirt"?
11. In what sense is flesh and blood cheap?
12. Does the seamstress object to working?
13. How could a walk cost a meal?
14. How could tears hinder needle and thread?
15. Why does the poet wish the tone to reach the rich?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LONGFELLOW: The Builders. The Village Blacksmith. Ladder of Saint Augustine. Keramos.

KINGSLEY: The Three Fishers.

CHESTER: The Tapestry Weavers.

POE: Israfel.

WADE: The Net Braiders.

GOLDSMITH: The Deserted Village.

MARKHAM: The Man With the Hoe.

BURNS: The Cotter's Saturday Night.

PIATT: The Gift of Empty Hands.

SAVAGE: Beauty in Common Things.

O'REILLY: Dying in Harness.

A LOFTIER WAY

Easy to match what others do,
Perform the feat as well as they;
Hard to outdo the brave, the true,
And find a loftier way.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN

THOSE who, in jolly slang phrase, now use the expression "He never smiled again," little dream of the real tragedy hidden in these words. The following story, taken from Dickens' *Child's History of England*, tells of the tragic death of Prince William, and of the deep sorrow of his father, King Henry. King Henry had concluded peace with the French, had had his son acknowledged as his successor by the Norman nobles, and had prepared to return from Normandy to England. On the twenty-fifth day of November, one thousand one hundred and twenty, the King and his retinue prepared to embark at the Port of Barfleur for the return voyage. Dickens tells the rest of the story as follows.

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN

On that day, and at that place, there came to the King, Fitz-Stephen, a sea-captain, and said:

"My liege, my father served your father all his life upon the sea. He steered the ship with the golden boy upon the prow, in which your father sailed to conquer England. I beseech you to grant me the same office. I have a fair vessel in the harbor here called The White Ship, manned

by fifty sailors of renown. I pray you, Sire, to let your servant have the honor of steering you in The White Ship to England!"

"I am sorry, friend," replied the King, "that my vessel is already chosen, and that I cannot (therefore) sail with the son of the man who served my father. But the Prince and all his company shall go along with you, in the fair White Ship, manned by the fifty sailors of renown."

Now, the Prince was a dissolute, debauched young man of eighteen, who bore no love to the English, and had declared that when he came to the throne he would yoke them to the plow like oxen. He went aboard The White Ship, with one hundred and forty youthful Nobles like himself, among whom were eighteen noble ladies of the highest rank. All this gay company, with their servants and the fifty sailors, made three hundred souls aboard the fair White Ship.

"Give three casks of wine, Fitz-Stephen," said the Prince, "to the fifty sailors of renown! My father the King has sailed out of the harbor. What time is there to make merry here and yet reach England with the rest?"

"Prince," said Fitz-Stephen, "before morning my fifty and The White Ship shall overtake the swiftest vessel in attendance on your father the King, if we sail at midnight!"

Then, the Prince commanded to make merry; and the sailors drank out the three casks of wine;

and the Prince and all the noble company danced in the moonlight on the deck of *The White Ship*.

When, at last, she shot out of the harbor of Barfleur, there was not a sober seaman on board. But the sails were all set, and the oars all going merrily. Fitz-Stephen had the helm. The gay young nobles and the beautiful ladies, wrapped in mantles of various bright colors to protect them from the cold, talked, laughed, and sang. The Prince encouraged the fifty sailors to row harder yet, for the honor of *The White Ship*.

Crash! A terrific cry broke from three hundred hearts. *The White Ship* had struck upon a rock—was filling—going down!

Fitz-Stephen hurried the Prince into a boat, with some few Nobles. "Push off," he whispered; "and row to the land. It is not far, and the sea is smooth. The rest of us must die."

But, as they rowed away from the sinking ship, the Prince heard the voice of his sister Marie, the Countess of Perche, calling for help. He never in his life had been so good as he was then. He cried in an agony, "Row back at any risk! I cannot bear to leave her!"

They rowed back. As the Prince held out his arms to catch his sister, such numbers leaped in, that the boat was upset. And in the same instant *The White Ship* went down. Only one of all the crew lived to tell the tale.

For three days, no one dared to carry the intelligence to the King. At length, they sent into his

presence a little boy, who, weeping bitterly, and kneeling at his feet, told him that The White Ship was lost with all on board. The King fell to the ground like a dead man, and never, never afterwards, was seen to smile.—*Charles Dickens.*

NOTES

1. Read Dickens' *Child's History of England*, Chapter X.
2. Look up carefully on any map the location of the British Isles, with respect to the French coast, and locate Normandy.
3. Look up carefully the meanings of the following words: liege, dissolute, debauched, mantles, encouraged, countess, intelligence.

EXERCISES

1. Just where did the scene of this story take place?
2. When did the event of this story occur?
3. Tell how the Prince came to ride in The White Ship.
4. What kind of man was Prince William? Give passages which prove your conclusion.
5. What did you learn from this story concerning the customs of that day?
6. What happened to The White Ship?
7. Why was the Prince the first to be rescued?
8. What is shown of the Prince in the event that followed?
9. Why did no one dare to carry the intelligence to the King?
10. Why did they send the little boy to tell him?
11. Explain "weeping bitterly."
12. How did the King receive the intelligence of the Prince's fate?
13. Explain the fuller meaning of the expression, "He never smiled again."

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HEMANS: He Never Smiled Again.

EMMA HART WILLARD: Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

BRAINARD: The Deep.

FRANCIS FREELING BRODERIP: The Hungry Sea.

KINGSLEY: The Three Fishers.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI: The White Ship.

THE LADDER OF SAINT AUGUSTINE

SAINTE AUGUSTINE was one of the most eminent Christian church followers. He was born November 13, 354, in Numidia, in northern Africa, and died in 430. During his youth and early manhood he was guilty of great excesses, vices, and follies. At the age of thirty-two, after many years of wickedness, he was converted in Italy to the Christian faith. A year later he was prepared for baptism and, like Paul, became as zealous in good works as he had been before in evil works. Immediately after his conversion he returned to Africa, sold his estates, and gave the proceeds to the poor. For three years he lived the life of a hermit, devoting himself to religious duties. He entered the holy office of priest and later became bishop of Hippo, where he performed the most signal services to the church. In one of his best sermons he used the expression, "Of our vices we make ourselves a ladder, if we trample them under our feet." He had spoken this truth from his own experience.

Upon this thought Longfellow based this poem. Longfellow gives a catalog of vices each of which may be made to serve as a round in the

ladder. The entire poem is a poem of hope, and gives every one who has made mistakes comfort in the thought that he may rise to greater things if he is willing to profit by his mistakes.

THE LADDER OF SAINT AUGUSTINE*

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will;—

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All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright field of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies,

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,

If, rising on its wrecks, at last
 To something nobler we attain.
 —Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

NOTES

1. Tennyson, in his first stanza of *In Memoriam*, has a similar thought:

I hold it truth, with him who sings
 To one clear harp in divers tones,
 That men may rise on stepping-stones
 Of their dead selves to higher things.

2. J. G. Holland, in his poem *Gradatim*, has the same thought:

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
 And we mount to its summit round by round.

We rise by the things that are under feet;
 By what we have mastered of good or gain;
 By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
 And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

3. *Eminent domain*. The right of a government or state to use any property necessary for public use, reasonable compensation being made.
4. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following: base design, revel, excess, ignoble, irreverence, impedes, eminent domain, scale, gigantic flights, solid bastions, attained, discern.

EXERCISES

1. Upon what saying did Longfellow base this poem?
2. What in the life of Saint Augustine gave this saying so much force?
3. What vices does Longfellow say must be trampled under foot?
4. Explain "The right of eminent domain," as here used.
5. Explain stanza 7.

6. What two illustrations are given in stanzas 8 and 9?
7. Memorize stanza 10.
8. How may each of us discover "A path to higher destinies"?
9. How only can we keep the irrevocable past from being thwarted?
10. Does this poem mean that if a person wishes to be very good he must first be very bad?
11. What then seems to you to be the real meaning of the poem?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

SMILES: Self Help. Character.

EMERSON: Essays — Conduct of Life.

LONGFELLOW: The Builders. Excelsior. Keramos.

HOLLAND: Gradatim.

EMERSON: The Problem.

ARNOLD: Self-Dependence.

TENNYSON: Sir Galahad.

CHESTER: The Tapestry Weavers.

PATRIOTISM

And Thou, O God, of whom we hold

Our country and our Freedom fair,

Within Thy tender love enfold

This land; for all Thy people care.

Uplift our hearts above our fortunes high,

Let not the good we have make us forget

The better things that in Thy heavens lie!

Keep, still, amid the fever and the fret

Of all this eager life, our thoughts on Thee,

The Hope, the Strength, the God of all the Free.

—*Bishop J. L. Spalding.*

THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES

MR. LONGFELLOW once wrote an exquisite poem in which he tells us of the sweet relief from pain he experienced when he assumed some of the "sorrow of others" instead of brooding over his own. This healing he tells us was made possible by the discovery that each heart has its own sorrow. As he beautifully expresses it,

"And I thought how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then."

The good poet's experience has been that of thousands who have lived before and after him.

Having noticed this same lesson, that each heart has a burden of its own, Joseph Addison, the graceful, gentle English essayist teaches us a valuable lesson by viewing the bearing of others' sorrows from a somewhat different angle. In the following selection, the assumption of the cast off burdens is from a purely mercenary motive.

It is pleasant to be taught a severe philosophy

by being made to laugh at our own follies. This is what Addison attempts to do in this reading.

THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further, which implies, that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could exchange conditions with him.

As I was musing upon these two remarks, and seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap.

There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the center of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and specters that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames; but what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, shook their heads and marched away as heavy laden as they came.

I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth.

The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing toward the heap, with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts, though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real.

One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people; this was called the *Spleen*. But what most of all surprised me was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself, that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not question came loaded with his crimes; but upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was

followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached toward me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when, of a sudden, she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance; upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which it seems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face.

We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person. I saw, with unspeakable pleasure, the whole species thus delivered from its sorrow; though at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarcely a mortal, in this vast multitude, who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life; and wondered how the

owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him. Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself; and parceling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet.

The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon the occasion I shall communicate to the public. A poor galley slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were busy among themselves in bartering for features; one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle; another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation; but on all these occasions there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the

same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done; on the other side I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans, and lamentations. Jupiter, at length, taking compassion on

the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the phantom, who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear.

There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure, her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes toward heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter. Her name was *Patience*. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows, but what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity; and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

—*Joseph Addison.*

NOTES

1. Read in some history of English literature the story of Addison's connection with the Spectator and with the Tatler.
2. Read Franklin's "How I Learned to Write Good English."
3. Learn who Jupiter, Socrates, and Horace were.
4. Notice the scarcity of long, hard words in this selection.
5. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following words and expressions: chimerical, diversion, fardel, aggravation, chaos, grotesque, commodious, and trucking.

EXERCISES

1. What inference do you draw from the fact that Addison was familiar with the writings of Socrates and Horace?
2. Why should the miseries make a mountain?
3. Does Fancy ever do for us just what Addison pictures her doing here?
4. Why was it diverting to see the man throw away his poverty?
5. Why should the man cast away his wife?
6. Why could not the lovers cast away their sorrows?
7. Why should such a mountain be made up of bodily deformities?
8. What is the inference if no vices or follies were found in the heap?
9. What does Addison mean when he tells us Fancy carried a *magnifying* glass?
10. When he says she held this glass up to *him*?
11. Why does he picture himself in the ridiculous plight he does?
12. Sum up the teaching when the people take up the cast-off miseries of others.
13. Why would Patience cause the mountain to grow smaller?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BUNYAN: Pilgrim's Progress.

HUNT: Abou Ben Adhem.

GILDER: The Parting of the Ways.

WHITTIER: The Brother of Mercy.

LONGFELLOW: Santa Filomena.

LOWELL: Vision of Sir Launfal.

MATTHEW XXV, 34-46.

LUKE X, 25-37: Story of the Good Samaritan.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

THE great French King, surrounded by his nobles and ladies of the court, was watching the lions fighting in the arena below. De Lorge, one of the bravest of the noblemen, had fallen in love with one of the ladies, and she thought to test his love by dropping her glove among the fierce wild beasts. If De Lorge were a true knight he would be expected, in that day of chivalry, to risk his own life in order to recover the glove, and to return it to his fair lady. The story of how this knight's love was tested in the presence of the king who loved a royal sport is here told.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
The nobles filled the benches, with the ladies in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge with one for whom he sighed:
And truly 't was a gallant thing to see that crowning show,—

Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal
beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laugh-
ing jaws:

They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a
wind went with their paws;

With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled
on one another,

Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a
thunderous smother;

The bloody foam above the bars came whisking
through the air:

Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better
here than there!"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king,—a beauteous,
lively dame,

With smiling lips and sharp, bright eyes, which
always seemed the same:

She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as
brave can be,—

He surely would do wondrous things to show his
love for me.

King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is
divine;

I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory
will be mine."

She dropped her glove to prove his love, then
looked at him and smiled;

He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild;

The leap was quick, return was quick; he has regained his place,

Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.

"In faith," cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;

"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

—*James Henry Leigh Hunt.*

NOTES

1. Look up all you can of chivalry and knighthood.
2. *Arena.* An arena is the open space on the ground below the raised benches. Find just how the arena was arranged for the fight of wild beasts. The story is based upon an event which actually took place.
3. Look up the following words and expressions: gallant, crowning show, valor, ramped, wallowing might, pit, occasion, vanity.

EXERCISES

1. Why is the fighting of this fierce beast called a royal sport?
2. What is shown of the king in that he loved such amusements?
3. Describe the picture of the arena and spectators as it is given us in the first stanza.
4. Who was the central figure among the nobles in the court?
5. Select the passage which tells us of the fierce fight of the lions.
6. What caused the king to say we are better here than there?
7. What is shown of De Lorge's lady in stanza 3?
8. Explain her meaning of "occasion is divine."
9. What did she mean by "great glory will be mine"?
10. What is shown of De Lorge in the second and third lines of the last stanza?
11. Why did he throw the glove right in the lady's face?
12. Explain "but not with love."

13. Why did De Lorge do such an ungentlemanly thing?
14. Why did the king rise from where he sat?
15. Why did the king who loved royal sport condemn the act of this lady?
16. Explain the meaning of the last line of this poem.
17. According to this poem what is shown to be a false test of love? Why is such a test a false test?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LADY CAREW: True Greatness.

BROWNING: Count Gismond. Last Ride Together. Incident of a French Camp.

READE: The Cloister and the Hearth.

TAYLOR: The Hero.

TENNYSON: The Revenge.

PRINCE: Who Are the True?

NIMMO F. GREEN: With Spurs of Gold.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

—William Collins.

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

AMONG the ancient peoples, there is a beautiful legend which tells how the god Apollo was condemned to serve a mortal for the space of a year. It happened that there was a renowned physician, Esculapius, son of Apollo, who was believed to be able to cure any disease known to mortals. On one occasion, he even brought the dead to life. This so incensed Pluto, the god of the underworld, that he induced the great god Jupiter to strike the bold physician dead with a thunderbolt. Apollo, angered at this cruel destruction of his son, shot his arrows at the Cyclopes who made the thunderbolt for Jupiter in their fiery workshop under Mt. Ætna, from which the smoke and flames of their furnace are constantly issuing. Jupiter was so angered at this act that he condemned Apollo to serve a mortal for a year. Apollo accordingly went into the service of Admetus, king of Thessaly, and herded the king's flocks for him. How this beautiful god lived among men, and what they thought of him is well told in the following poem.

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS*

There came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plow, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise-shell
He stretched some chords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine:

And so, well-pleased with being soothed
Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

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GOOD SHEPHERD—*Murillo*

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things,
Did teach him all their use,
For in mere weeds, and stones and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But, when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet, after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

—James Russell Lowell.

NOTES

1. *King Admetus* (ăd mē' tus). The fabled King of Thessaly in northern Greece.
2. *Apollo*. Phoebus Apollo, the son of Jupiter and Latona, was the god of the sun, patron of music and poetry, founder of cities, a promoter of colonization, a giver of good laws, the ideal of fair and manly youth, a pure and just god, requiring clean hands and pure hearts of those that worshiped him. He was one of the most beloved of the gods.

3. *Esculapius* (ēs' kū-lā' pī-us). The father of physicians. His daughter Hygiea, the goddess of health, was one whose presence prevented disease. Hence our word "hygiene."
4. *Right divine*. The ancient kings believed their powers were derived from the gods, hence they ruled by divine right.
5. *Viceroy*. One acting or ruling in place of king.
6. Be prepared to pronounce, spell, and give meaning of any of the following: nothing worth, brimmed, pure taste, right divine, decreed, viceroy, shiftless, unwittingly, mused, mere, profuse, slim grace, good-for-naught.

EXERCISES

1. Upon what ancient story did Lowell base this poem?
2. What conclusion as to the time of this story from "Some thousand years ago"?
3. What shows his power as a musician?
4. What compliment was paid the youth's music by the king?
5. What final honor did the king bestow upon the youth?
6. How, in words, did men estimate the young shepherd?
7. What effect, however, did the young shepherd have on men's actions?
8. What puzzled them so much regarding his learning? How learned was he?
9. Why did men call him "good-for-naught" when his words were so wise?
10. What effect had the young shepherd's life had upon ordinary earth life?
11. Explain "More holy grew each spot where he had trod."
12. What is the meaning of the last two lines?
13. What was the secret of the influence of the young shepherd?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

GAYLEY: *Classic Myths*, pp. 104-6.

HUNT: *Abou Ben Adhem*.

LONGFELLOW: *The Legend Beautiful*. Sandalphon.

WHITTIER: *The Brother of Mercy*.

THE BIBLE: Story of David.

TENNYSON: The Bugle Song.

MOORE: Echoes.

LOWELL: The Finding of the Lyre.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON: The Good Shepherd.

WASHINGTON

Washington is the mightiest name on earth, long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

WASHINGTON

Where may the wearied eye repose,

When gazing on the great,

Where neither guilty glory glows,

Nor despicable state?

Yes, one,—the first, the last, the best,—

The Cincinnatus of the West,

Whom envy dared not hate,

Bequeathed the name of WASHINGTON,

To make man blush there was but one.

—*George Gordon Byron.*

CONSTANT CHRISTMAS

IT is the custom to celebrate Christmas but one day in the year. We have been accustomed to think that the Christmas message of old is the only Christmas message given to the peoples of earth. Phillips Brooks, with deeper insight, gave us this message to remind us that every day should be lived in the spirit of Christmas; that the song of the angels is a "never silent song;" and that "the glory of the Lord" which shone round about the shepherds of the hills still shines in the never-fading splendor of sun and stars. All life that strives through love and service toward the highest and best may hear continually the echo of the glad angels' song,

"Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth, peace, good will toward men."

CONSTANT CHRISTMAS*

The sky can still remember
The earliest Christmas morn,
When in the cold December
The Saviour Christ was born.
And still in darkness clouded,
And still in noonday light,

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It feels its far depth crowded
With angels fair and bright.

O never-fading splendor;
O never-silent song!
Still keep the green earth tender,
Still keep the grey earth strong;
Still keep the brave earth dreaming
Of deeds that shall be done,
While children's lives come streaming
Like sunbeams from the sun.

No star unfolds its glory,
No trumpet wind is blown,
But tells the Christmas story
In music of its own.
No eager strife of mortals
In busy field or town
But sees the open portals
Through which the Christ came down.

O angels sweet and splendid,
Throng in our hearts and sing
The wonders which attended
The coming of the king,
Till we, too, boldly pressing
Where once the angels trod,
Climb Bethlehem's hill of blessing,
And find the Son of God.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

NOTES

1. Read Luke ii, 1-20; Matthew ii, 1-12 for the complete story of the Christmas song.
2. Find the story of the origin of Christmas as we celebrate it to-day.
3. Find how Christmas is celebrated in other lands. Tell what quaint customs you find.
4. Report to the class the acts of service and charity you have known at Christmastide.
5. *Cold December.* The birth of Christ was at first thought to have occurred in December, hence the Christmas festival was celebrated toward the close of that month. Present-day students think Christ must have been born some time in the spring when the weather was warm enough for the shepherds to stay out in the open fields with the flocks.
6. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following words and expressions as here used: far depth, never-fading splendor, trumpet wind, eager strife, mortals, open portals, splendid, throng, wonders, boldly pressing, trod, hill of blessing.

EXERCISES

1. Tell the story upon which this poem is based.
2. Explain "The *sky* can still remember."
3. In what sense does the sky feel its far depth crowded with angels?
4. What is the "never-fading splendor"?
5. Why is the angel-song said to be "never-silent"?
6. In what sense can the splendor and the song "keep the green earth tender"?
7. How "keep the grey earth strong"?
8. How

"Keep the brave earth dreaming
Of deeds that shall be done"?
9. Explain the first four lines of the third stanza.
10. What are the "open portals"?
11. How can the angels "throng in our hearts"?
12. In what sense can mortals be "boldly pressing where once the angels trod"?

13. What is meant by climbing "Bethlehem's hill of blessing"?
14. According to this poem, how then can mortals to-day find God?
15. What now seems to you to be the real meaning of the title of this poem?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

- BROOKS: O Little Town of Bethlehem.
LONGFELLOW: Christmas Bells. The Three Kings.
LOWELL: A Christmas Carol.
HOLLAND: A Christmas Carol.
SEARS: The Angels' Song.
ALICE CARY: A Christmas Story.
DICKENS: Christmas Carol.
WIGGIN: The Glad Evangel.
FIELD: Christmas Eve. Why Do Bells for Christmas Ring?
A Christmas Wish.
RYAN: A Christmas Carol.
MILTON: Hymn to the Nativity.
TENNYSON: The Birth of Christ.
WHITTIER: Star of Bethlehem. Christmas Carmen.
THRING: Hymn for the Nativity.
ALCOTT: Becky's Christmas Dream.
CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI: A Christmas Carol.
RILEY: Tiny Tim's Prayer.
ALDRICH: A Christmas Phantasy.
VAN DYKE: The First Christmas Tree. The Other Wise Man.
STEVENSON: A Christmas Sermon.

NO HARM CAN COME

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I can not drift
Beyond His love and care.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

THE BISHOP AND THE CONVICT

WE are always interested in knowing how a saintly man remains a saint under trying circumstances. Such a story is told us in this extract from "Les Miserables," the masterpiece of the great French author, Victor Hugo. The purpose of the author in writing "Les Miserables" was to awaken society to its striking imperfections and to spur it on to a higher sense of service. The leading character of the book is a dull, good-natured French peasant, Jean Valjean by name. After his parents died, he lived with his widowed sister and helped her to support her seven little children. During the severe winter of 1795, Jean was unable to find work. To save the family from starving, he stole a loaf of bread, and for this deed was sentenced to five years of hard labor in the galleys. Four successive attempts to escape added fourteen more years to his term of imprisonment. When he was finally released, he was a man who had lost all hope. This meeting with the bishop awakens new aspirations in Jean Valjean. One should read the entire story to realize how far kindness will go in awakening a poor hopeless soul.

THE BISHOP AND THE CONVICT

The bishop of D— was a man of such saintly life and self-sacrificing charity that he became known as Monseigneur Bienvenu, or Welcome. He gave up his palace that it might serve as a hospital, taking for himself and his sister, Mademoiselle Baptistine, with their one servant, Madame Magloire, the small and poorly furnished quarters formerly occupied by the hospital. Here he devoted himself to good works, ministering to the poor, to the suffering, and even to condemned prisoners. The door of his house was never locked, and whoever needed a friend found one here.

One evening in October the bishop, after his walk through the town, remained shut up rather late in his room. At eight o'clock he was still at work, writing, when Madame Magloire entered, as usual, to get the silverware from the cupboard near his bed. A moment later the bishop, knowing that the table was set and that his sister was probably waiting for him, shut his book, rose from his table, and entered the dining-room.

Madame Magloire was just putting the last touches to the table, and as she did so she was talking with Mademoiselle Baptistine upon a subject which was familiar to her and to which the bishop was also accustomed. The question concerned the lock upon the front door.

It seems that while buying some provisions for

supper Madame Magloire had heard things in divers places. People had spoken of a prowler of evil appearance; a suspicious vagabond had arrived, who must be somewhere about the town, and those who should take it into their heads to return home late that night might be subjected to unpleasant encounters. As the police force was very badly organized, it behooved wise people to play the part of police themselves,—to duly close, bar, and barricade their houses and to fasten the doors well.

Madame Magloire emphasized these last words; but the bishop, who had just come from his room where it was rather cold, seated himself in front of the fire and fell to thinking of other things. He did not take up the remark dropped with design by Madame Magloire, and she repeated it. Then Mademoiselle Baptistine, desirous of satisfying Madame Magloire without displeasing her brother, ventured to say timidly, "Did you hear what Madame Magloire is saying, brother?"

"I have heard something of it in a vague way," replied the bishop. Then, half turning in his chair, placing his hands on his knees, and raising toward the old servant woman his cordial, good-humored face, he said: "Come, what is the matter? What is the matter? Are we in any great danger?"

Whereupon Madame Magloire began the whole story afresh. It appeared that a barefooted vagabond, a sort of dangerous beggar or gypsy, was

at that moment in the town. He had presented himself at the inn to obtain lodging, but the landlord had not been willing to receive him. He had been seen to roam about the streets in the gloaming,—a gallows bird with a terrible face.

“Really?” said the bishop.

This willingness to ask questions encouraged Madame Magloire. It seemed to her to indicate that the bishop was on the point of becoming alarmed. “Yes, Monseigneur,” she pursued triumphantly. “There will be some sort of catastrophe in this town to-night. Every one says so. And besides, the police is so badly regulated. The idea of living in a mountainous country, and not even having lights in the streets at night! And I say, Monseigneur, that this house is not safe at all; that if Monseigneur will permit, I will go and tell the locksmith to come and replace the ancient locks on the doors, for there is nothing more terrible than a door with a latch on the outside, which can be opened by the first passer-by. We need bolts, Monseigneur, if only for this night; moreover—”

At that moment there came a tolerably violent knock on the door.

“Come in,” said the bishop. The door opened wide with a rapid movement, as if some one had given it an energetic and resolute push.

A man entered, advanced a step, and halted, leaving the door open behind him. He was a man in the prime of life, of medium stature, thick-

set and robust, with a shaved head and a long beard. A cap with a drooping leather visor partly concealed his face, which was burned and tanned by sun and wind. He wore a shirt of coarse yellow linen, a cravat twisted into a string, trousers of blue drilling, and an old gray tattered blouse, patched on one of the elbows with a bit of green cloth sewed on with twine. He carried on his back a tightly packed knapsack, well buckled and perfectly new, and an enormous knotty stick in his hand. Madame Magloire had not even the strength to utter a cry. She trembled, and stood with her mouth wide open.

Mademoiselle Baptistine turned round, saw the man enter, and half started up in terror; then turning her head by degrees toward the fireplace, she began to observe her brother, and her face became once more calm and serene.

The bishop fixed his tranquil eye on the man.

As he opened his mouth, doubtless to ask the newcomer what he wanted, the man rested both hands on his staff, directed his gaze in turn at the old man and the two women, and without waiting for the bishop to speak, said in a loud voice: "See here! My name is Jean Valjean. I am a convict from the galleys. I have passed nineteen years there. I was liberated four days ago, and am on my way to Pontarlier, which is my destination. I have been walking for four days since I left Toulon. I have traveled a dozen leagues to-day on foot. This evening, when I arrived in these parts,

I went to an inn, and they turned me out because of my yellow passport, which I had shown at the town hall as was necessary. I went to another inn. They said to me, 'Be off,' at both places. No one would take me. I went to the prison; the jailor would not admit me. I went into a dog's kennel; the dog bit me and chased me off, as if he had been a man. One would have said that he knew who I was. I went into the fields, intending to sleep in the open air beneath the stars. There were no stars. I thought that it was going to rain, and I came back to the town to seek the shelter of some doorway. Yonder, in the square, I lay down to sleep on a stone bench. A good woman pointed out your house to me and said to me, 'Knock there!' I have knocked. What is this place? Do you keep an inn? I have money, my savings—one hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous, which I earned in the galleys by my labor, in the course of nineteen years. I will pay anything you ask. I am weary and very hungry. Are you willing that I should stay?"

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "you will set another place."

The man advanced three paces and approached the lamp which was on the table. "Stop," he resumed, as if he had not quite understood. "Did you hear? I am a galley slave, a convict. I come from the galleys." He drew from his pocket a large sheet of yellow paper, which he unfolded. "Here's my passport,—yellow, as you see. This

serves to expel me from every place where I go. Will you read it? I know how to read. I learned in the galleys. There is a school there for those who wish to learn. This is what they have put on this passport: 'Jean Valjean, discharged convict, native of'—that is nothing to you—'has been nineteen years in the galleys; five years for house-breaking and burglary; fourteen years for having attempted to escape on four occasions. He is a very dangerous man.' There! Every one has cast me out. Are you willing to receive me? Is this an inn? Will you give me something to eat and a bed? Have you a stable?"

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "you will put white sheets on the bed in the alcove."

Madame Magloire went out to execute these orders.

The bishop turned to the man. "Sit down, sir, and warm yourself. We are going to sup in a few moments, and your bed will be prepared while you are eating."

At this point the man suddenly comprehended. The expression of his face, up to that time gloomy and harsh, bore the imprint of stupefaction, of doubt, of joy, and became extraordinary. He began stammering like a crazy man: "Really? You will keep me? You do not drive me forth? A convict! and you call me *Sir*! 'Get out of here, you dog!' is what people have said to me. I felt sure that you would expel me, so I told you at once who I am. Oh, what a good woman that was who

directed me hither! I am going to have supper! and a bed with a mattress and sheets, like the rest of the world!—a bed! It is nineteen years since I have slept in a bed! You actually do not want me to go! You are good people. Besides, I have money; I will pay well. Pardon me, Monsieur the innkeeper, but what is your name? You are an innkeeper, are you not?”

“I am a priest who lives here,” said the bishop.

“A priest!” said the man. “Oh, what a fine priest! Then you are not going to demand any money of me? You are the curé, are you not? the curé of this big church? Well! I am a fool, truly! I had not perceived your skull cap.”

As he spoke he deposited his knapsack and his cudgel in a corner, replaced his passport in his pocket, and seated himself. “You are humane,” he went on. “You have not scorned me. Then you do not require me to pay?”

“No,” replied the bishop: “keep your money. How much have you? Did you not tell me one hundred and nine francs?”

“And fifteen sous,” added the man.

“One hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous! And how long did it take you to earn that?”

“Nineteen years.”

“Nineteen years!” The bishop sighed deeply.

The man continued: “I have still the whole of my money. In four days I have spent only twenty-five sous, which I earned by helping unload some wagons. Since you are a priest, I will tell you

that we had a chaplain in the galleys. And one day I saw a bishop there. *Monseigneur* is what they called him. He is the curé who rules over the other curés, you understand. Pardon me, I say that very badly; but it is such a far-off thing to me!"

While he was speaking the bishop had gone out and shut the door, which had remained wide open.

Madame Magloire returned with a silver fork and spoon, which she placed on the table.

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "place those things as near the fire as possible." And turning to his guest: "The night wind is harsh on the Alps. You must be cold, sir."

Each time that he uttered the word *sir*, in a voice which was so gently grave and polished, the man's face lighted up. *Sir* to a convict is like a glass of water to a man dying of thirst at sea. Ignominy thirsts for consideration.

"This lamp gives a very bad light," said the bishop.

Madame Magloire understood him, and went to get the two silver candlesticks from the chimney piece in Monseigneur's bedchamber, and placed them, lighted, on the table.

"You are good," said the man; "you do not despise me. You receive me into your house. You light your candles for me. Yet I have not concealed from you whence I come and that I am an unfortunate man."

The bishop, who was sitting near him, gently

touched his hand. "You need not tell me who you are. This door does not demand of him who enters whether he has a name, but whether he has a grief. You suffer, you are hungry and thirsty; you are welcome. Every one is at home here who needs a refuge. What need have I to know your name? Besides, before you told me, you had one which I knew."

The man opened his eyes in astonishment. "Really? You knew what I was called?"

"Yes," replied the bishop: "you are called my brother."

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed the man. "I was very hungry when I entered here; but you are so good that I no longer know what has happened to me."

The bishop looked at him and said, "You have suffered much?"

"Oh, the red blouse, the ball on the ankle, a plank to sleep on, heat, cold, toil, the convicts, the thrashings, the double chain for nothing, the cell for one word; even when sick and in bed, still the chain! Dogs, dogs are happier! Nineteen years! I am forty-six. Now, there is the yellow passport. That is all I have."

"Yes," resumed the bishop, "you have come from a very sad place. Listen. There will be more joy in heaven over the tear-bathed face of a repentant sinner than over the white robes of a hundred just men. If you are leaving that sad place with thoughts of hatred and of wrath against mankind, you are deserving of pity; if you are leaving it

with thoughts of good-will and of peace, you are more worthy than any one of us."

In the meantime Madame Magloire had served supper,—soup, a little bacon, a bit of mutton, figs, a fresh cheese, and a large loaf of rye bread. The bishop's face at once assumed that expression of gayety which is peculiar to hospitable natures. "To table!" he cried vivaciously. As was his habit when a stranger supped with him, he made the man sit on his right. Mademoiselle Baptistine took her seat at his left.

The bishop asked a blessing and then helped the soup himself according to his custom.

Jean Valjean paid no attention to any one. He ate with the voracity of a starving man. However, after supper he said, "Sir, all this is far too good for me, but I must say that the carters at the inn, who would not allow me to eat with them, keep a better table than you do."

The bishop replied, "They are more fatigued than I."

"No," returned the man; "they have more money. You are poor; I see that plainly. You cannot be even a curate. Are you really a curé? Ah, if the good God were but just, you certainly ought to be a curé!"

"The good God is more than just," said the bishop. A moment later he added, "Jean Valjean, is it to Pontarlier that you are going?"

"Yes, with my road marked out for me. I must

be on my way by daybreak to-morrow. Traveling is hard. If the nights are cold, the days are hot."

"You are going to a good country," said the bishop.

"There is plenty of work there. You have only to choose. There are paper mills, tanneries, distilleries, oil factories, watch factories on a large scale, steel mills, and copper works. Besides these industries they have another. It is their cheese dairies, which they call *fruitières*."

The bishop recurred frequently to the latter trade as if he wished the man to understand, without advising him directly, that this would afford him a refuge. Neither during supper, nor during the entire evening, did the bishop utter a single word that could remind Valjean of what he was. He did not even ask him from what country he came, nor what was his history. He was thinking, no doubt, that the man had his misfortune only too vividly present in his mind; that the best thing was to divert him from it, and to make him believe, if only for the moment, that he was a person like any other.

But Jean Valjean paid little heed to anything. He seemed too fatigued to talk.

At last Monseigneur Bienvenu took one of the two silver candlesticks from the table, handed the other to his guest, and said to him, "Monsieur, I will conduct you to your room."

The man followed him.

The bishop left his guest in an alcove adjoining

his own bedroom. "May you pass a good night," he said. "To-morrow morning, before you set out, you shall have a cup of warm milk from our cows."

"Thanks, monsieur," said Valjean. He turned abruptly to the old man, folded his arms, and exclaimed in a hoarse voice: "Ah! really! You lodge me in your house, close to yourself, like this? Have you reflected well? How do you know that I am not a murderer?"

The bishop replied, "That is the concern of the good God." Then gravely, and moving his lips like one who is praying or talking to himself, he raised two fingers of his right hand and bestowed his benediction on the man; then, without turning his head, he went into his bedroom.

A moment later he was in his garden, walking, meditating, contemplating, his heart and soul wholly absorbed in those grand and mysterious things which God shows at night to the eyes which remain open.

As for the man, he was so completely exhausted that he did not even profit by the nice white sheets. Snuffing out his candle, he dropped, all dressed as he was, upon the bed, where he immediately fell into a sound sleep.

Midnight struck as the bishop returned from his garden to his room, and a few minutes later all were asleep in the little house.

—*Victor Hugo.*

NOTES

1. Read Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*. Read also his *Toilers of the Sea*.
2. *Galleys*. Prisons or convict colonies. A galley slave was one who was originally chained to his place in a huge row-boat, or galley. The term came to be applied to the convicts who were chained together in prison or in the colonies, while at any work they were compelled to do.
3. *Monseigneur Bienvenu*. Pronounced Mōn-sān-yēr' Byān-ve-nū'.
4. *Mademoiselle Baptistine*. Pronounced Mād'-mwā'-zēl' Bā-tis-tēn'.
5. *Madame Magloire*. Pronounced Mā-dām' mā-glwār'.
6. *Gallows bird*. A criminal, one fit for the gallows.
7. *Visor*. The frontpiece of the cap, which shades the eyes.
8. *Drilling*. A heavy twilled fabric of linen or cotton, or fabric woven with diagonal effect.
9. *Pontarlier*. Pon-tār'-le-a', a French town.
10. *Toulon*. Pronounced tōō-lōn'.
11. *Yellow passport*. The pass given to a released convict was yellow to let everyone know the character of its holder.
12. *Franc*. A coin worth twenty-three cents.
13. *Sous*. Cents.
14. *Curé*. The minister or rector. The *curate* was an assistant, or deputy, of the curé.
15. *Fruitières*. Dairies.
16. Words and expressions for study: divers, suspicious vagabond, beloved, barricade, gypsy, resolute, visor, blue drilling, tranquil, passport, galleys, imprint of stupefaction, curé, curate, ignominy, vivaciously, voracity, carters, benediction.

EXERCISES

1. Tell the history of Jean Valjean up to the time of this story.
2. Just what kind of man was the Bishop of D—?
3. What rumor had startled the little village?
4. Why was not the bishop alarmed?
5. What is shown of the stranger by the manner in which he entered the bishop's door?

6. Describe the newcomer.
7. What is shown of him in that he told fully who he was before the bishop could ask him?
8. Explain "the dog bit me and chased me off, as if he had been a man."
9. What is shown of the bishop in "Madame Magloire, you will set another place"?
10. Why should the stranger insist that he is a galley slave and even show his yellow passport in proof?
11. Why does he even read "He is a very dangerous man"?
12. What is shown of the bishop in his next quiet order?
13. Why does the bishop address the stranger as "Sir"?
14. What shows that the bishop's spirit of kindness and hospitality is making the stranger feel at home?
15. Why does the bishop inquire so closely as to the stranger's money?
16. Explain "The bishop sighed deeply."
17. What is shown of Jean Valjean in that he earned twenty-five sous on his journey?
18. Why did the man's face light up at the word *Sir*?
19. Explain "Ignominy thirsts for consideration."
20. Why did they even bring in the silver candlesticks?
21. Why did the bishop treat the stranger so kindly after he knew his guest was a released convict?
22. Explain fully, "This door does not demand of him who enters whether he has a name, but whether he has a grief."
23. What name did the convict have which the bishop knew already?
24. What is shown both of host and guest in Jean's statement "the carters at the inn....keep a better table than you do"?
25. Why did the bishop talk to Jean of the work he could get?
26. Why did not the bishop fear the dangerous character of his guest?
27. How many traits of Jean Valjean's character are revealed in this extract, showing that he is a man worth saving?
28. What do you think would be the final effect on him of the bishop's kind treatment?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HUGO: *Les Miserables*.

HUNT: *Abou Ben Adhem*.

WHITTIER: *The Brother of Mercy*.

DICKENS: *Tale of Two Cities*.

LONGFELLOW: *Santa Filomena*. *Excelsior*.

MATTHEW XXV, 34-46.

LUKE X, 25-37: *Story of the Good Samaritan*.

LOWELL: *Vision of Sir Launfal*. *Yussouf*.

VAN DYKE: *The Mansion*. *The Ruling Passion*.

BONAR: *The Master's Touch*.

ARNOLD: *Self-Dependence*. *Sohrab and Rustum*.

BRYANT: *The Journey of Life*.

GILDER: *The Celestial Passion*.

A CALL TO COURAGE

Be like the promontory, against which the waves continually break; but it stands firm, and tames the fury of the water around it. Unhappy am I, because this has happened to me? Not so, but happy am I, though this has happened to me, because I continue free from pain, neither crushed by the present, nor fearing the future. Will, then, this which has happened prevent thee from being just, magnanimous, temperate, prudent, secure against inconsiderate opinions and falsehood? Remember, too, on every occasion which leads thee to vexation to apply this principle: that this is not a misfortune, but that to bear it nobly is good fortune.—*Marcus Antoninus*.

TUBAL CAIN

TUBAL¹ CAIN may well be regarded as the father of manual training. He was the son of Lamech² and Zillah,³ and as the Bible tells us (Gen. 4:22), “an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron.” Josephus,⁴ in *The Antiquities of the Jews*, says: “But Tubal exceeded all men in strength, and was very expert and famous in martial performances, . . . and first of all invented the art of working brass.”

The author has seized upon the suggestion contained in the above facts and constructed a poem which contains in brief the history of civilization. The hero is the personification of the race as it evolved from barbarism to civilization. “The sword and the spear” are relics of organized conquest when might made right. The “sudden change” that came over the heart of the old hero is but typical of a higher vision of the arts of peace that should be the fruits of conquest. The “plowshare” is but symbolic of industry and peace and the higher progress of civilization. The poem closes with a significant hint that war is still honorable when waged in defense of home

¹ Pronounced tū' bäl.

³ Pronounced zīl' ä.

² Pronounced lä' mēk.

⁴ Pronounced jô-sē' fūs.

and country and sacred rights. The poem is a splendid poetic illumination of the oft-quoted saying of Matthew Arnold: "Might, till right is ready."

TUBAL CAIN

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when the earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron growing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they said, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done:
He saw that men with rage and hate
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said, "Alas that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high;
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air:
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel
made,"—
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sung, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he;

And for the plowshare and the plow
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword!"

—*Charles Mackay.*

EXERCISES

1. Who was Tubal Cain?
2. What does the poet represent him as doing at first?
3. What was then the condition of the times when "each one prayed for a strong steel blade as the crown of his desire"?
4. In what sense had Tubal Cain given them "strength anew"?
5. What do you think caused the "sudden change" to come o'er his heart?
6. What did he next resolve to do?
7. What change came over the sons of men as a result?
8. Does the poet think war is ever justifiable?
9. Explain "Might, till right is ready."
10. In what sense does Tubal Cain personify the human race in its progressive onward march?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

Song of the Forge—(Clang, Clang, the Massive Anvils Ring).

GEORGE W. CUTTER: The Song of Steam.

ROBERT SOUTHIEY: The Battle of Blenheim.

EDWIN ARNOLD: Armageddon.

LONGFELLOW: Keramos. The Village Blacksmith. The Builders.

CHESTER: The Tapestry Weavers.

WAVE AND TIDE

OCCASIONALLY, we hear people say, "The world is growing worse." Such people have never gotten the best out of life. From the time when his first toy broke or his red balloon exploded, every person has had discouragements and disappointments. But one must learn to rise above discouragements. By sticking to a fixed plan, one can accomplish almost anything. Helen Keller, blind, deaf, and dumb, after years of severe training and patient effort, wrote the story of her life and even delivered public addresses. Sticking to it is what counts. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," is the poet's way of urging each one to overcome obstacles. An old proverb declares the same truth in, "The constant dropping of water wears the hardest stone away."

In the following poem, the author has doubtless caught this same great truth as she sat on the seashore and observed the breaking waves and the incoming tide. She saw the wild waves shattered into foam. Though the waves fell "broken and beaten," she observed that the mighty sea behind them with tide after tide, finally, in a "chant of triumph," crushed the

strongest reef. In all this she saw a beautiful symbol of the final triumph of right and righteousness in human life.

WAVE AND TIDE*

On the far reef the breakers
Recoil in shattered foam,
Yet still the sea behind them
Urges its forces home;
Its chant of triumph surges
Through all the thunderous din—
The wave may break in failure,
But the tide is sure to win!

The reef is strong and cruel;
Upon its jagged wall
One wave—a score—a hundred,
Broken and beaten fall;
Yet in defeat they conquer,
The sea comes flooding in—
Wave upon wave is routed,
But the tide is sure to win!

O mighty sea! thy message
In clanging spray is cast;
Within God's plan of progress
It matters not at last
How wide the shores of evil,
How strong the reefs of sin—
The wave may be defeated,
But the tide is sure to win!

—*Priscilla Leonard.*

*From *The Outlook*, August, 1910. Used by the courteous permission of *The Outlook Company*.

NOTES

1. Bring in pictures of sea scenes which show the "breakers."
2. Bring in other sayings which have the thought of "Try, try again."
3. Tell of cases in which persons began works or projects and failed to finish them.
4. Tell of cases in which persons triumphed over great obstacles.
5. *Reef*. "A chain or range of rocks lying at or near the surface of the water." Coral reefs are familiar examples.
6. *Breakers*. A wave breaking into foam against the shore or on a rock or reef near the surface of the water.
7. Be prepared to give clear meanings of the following words and expressions: Wave, tide, reef, breakers, recoil, shattered foam, chant, surges, thunderous din, jagged wall, score, routed, clanging spray, progress, shores of evil, reefs of sin.

EXERCISES

1. What experience of the author evidently inspired this poem?
2. What contrast is given in the first four lines?
3. What is the sea's "Chant of Triumph"?
4. What is the meaning of "thunderous din"?
5. What sharp contrast in the last two lines of the first stanza?
6. In what sense does the wave "break in failure"?
7. In what sense do the waves "conquer" in "defeat"?
8. Why does the author speak of the spray as "clanging"?
9. What are "the shores of evil"?
10. What are "the reefs of sin"?
11. What in life corresponds to wave and tide?
12. What truth concerning "God's plan of progress" does the author discover?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

MASON: The Voyage.

PROCTER: The Sea.

HOLMES: The Sail. The Chambered Nautilus.

BURROUGHS: My Own Shall Come to Me.

WHITTIER: The Eternal Goodness.

LONGFELLOW: Psalm of Life. Excelsior.

BYRON: Overthrow of Belshazzar.

SILL: The Fool's Prayer.

KIPLING: The Recessional.

GREENE: The Baron's Last Banquet.

ARNOLD: Self-Dependence.

VAN DYKE: The Mansion.

HELEN KELLER: The Story of My Life.

THE EARTH AND MAN

A little sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west—
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountain's breast.

So simple is the earth we tread,
So quick with love and life her frame:
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream—
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.

So simple is the heart of man,
So ready for new hope and joy:
Ten thousand years since it began
Have left it younger than a boy.
—Stopford A. Brooke.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THIS poem has been pronounced "the most widely known poem in our language," a popularity due to "its interest in the lives of the poor, to its sympathy with their pleasures and realization of their hardships, and to its observation of the little things of nature." Love of nature and sympathy with common men fill every line. Gray got the setting of this poem from the scenes in and around Stoke Poges church, an ivy-covered building situated in a picturesque rural district not many miles from Windsor Castle, in England. He began the poem at the old church in 1742, continued it there a year later, but it was finally finished in Cambridge in 1750. He thus spent eight years "adding, taking away, polishing, and refining, until it (the poem) had become worthy, even in form, to be named among the great poems of the world."

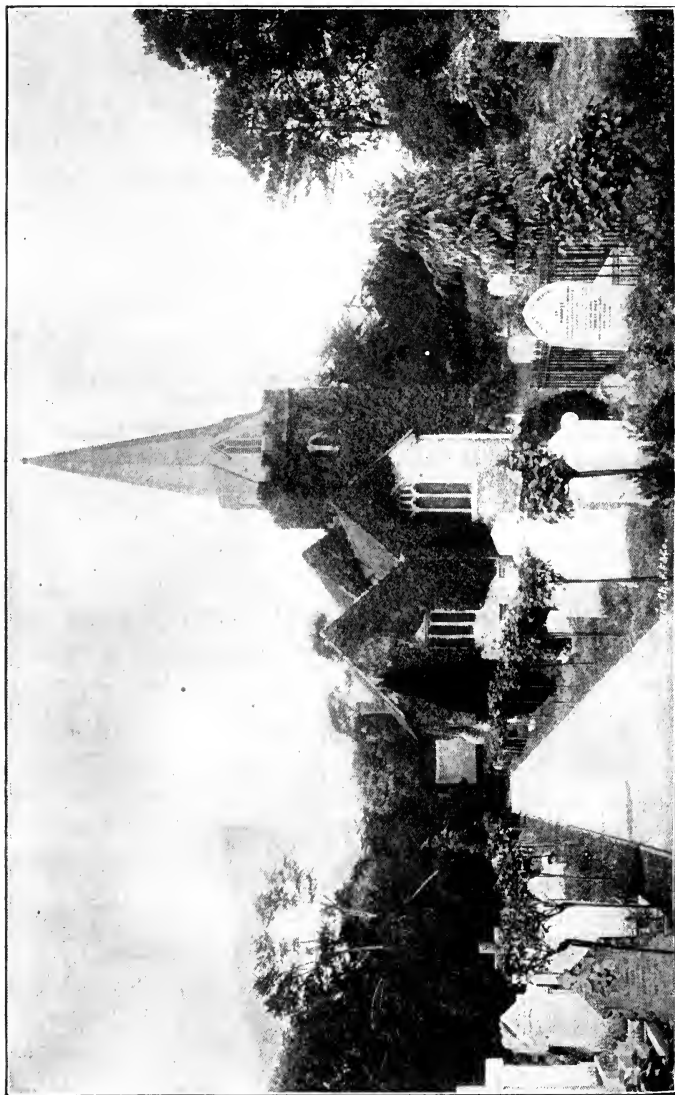
The poem is a mournful, plaintive expression of grief at the passing away of the great class of unknown poor, with a clear, sweetly-sad note of praise for their homely virtues. It opens in dreamy, meditative mood, with an exquisite pic-

ture of the scenes surrounding the old church, and, at the close, "drifts into an elegy on the writer, who becomes lost in the pathos of his own sad end." Thus through the personal feeling of mingled gloom and gladness he brings the hearts of all readers into sympathetic and abiding touch with the spirit of common life. This poem may well call us away from care-free, fruitless thinking and living, to face the deeper realities of life. The great heart of the world will always love the exquisite melody and beauty, the grandeur, the sweet sadness, and the deathless truths of these lines.

It was said of General Wolfe, that as he led the daring assault on Quebec in 1759, and as the boats were slowly drifting to the landing below the Heights of Abraham, he repeated in low tones to his officers the stanza,

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Then he declared vehemently: "Gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec." He fell the next day, and died just as the shouts of the victory of his men reached his ear.



STOKE POGES CHURCH

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY
CHURCHYARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering
heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built
shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise;
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust?
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes—

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered
muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him
borne.

Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth

A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,

Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,

He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a
friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,

Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

—*Thomas Gray.*

NOTES

1. *Curfew*. From the French, *couvre feu*, cover the fire. "Nearly a thousand years ago, it was the custom in English villages to ring a bell at nightfall as a signal for people to cover their fires with ashes to preserve them till morning, and as a signal for bed." To-day we have a curfew bell in many villages to keep the children off the streets after a certain hour in the evening.
2. *Knell*. "The stroke of a bell tolled at a funeral or at the death of a person." The word here sounds the first mournful note of the poem.
3. *The plowman—way*. Someone has pointed out the fact that this line may be changed into twenty different forms and yet preserve the rhythm, sentiment, and rhyming word. See how many different variations you can make.
4. *Rude*. Uneducated.

5. *Lowly bed*. The grave.
6. *Stubborn glebe*. The tough turf, or sod.
7. *Ambition*. Capitalized because it is personified to represent ambitious persons. Grandeur is similarly personified to represent persons of rank or title.
8. *Awaits*. The inevitable hour *awaits* . . .
9. *Storied urn*. An urn-shaped monument inscribed with the virtues of the dead.
10. *Animated bust*. A bust looking natural as life.
11. *Pregnant with celestial fire*. Filled with divine inspiration.
12. *Waked — living lyre*. "To write the noblest poetry."
13. *Hampden — Milton — Cromwell*. Look up the history of each.
14. *Or heap the shrine — Muse's flame*. Gray here condemns a current practice on the part of the English poets to write flattering verses concerning the nobility in order to obtain favor or money from the nobility.
15. *Madding*. Excited.
16. *Sequestered vale*. Secluded spot.
17. *Frail memorial*. Simple headstones.
18. *Uncouth rhymes*. Strange, unpolished rhymes.
19. *For thee*. The poet here refers to himself. The remainder of the poem refers to the poet's own probable fate.
20. *Dirges due*. Appropriate dirges.
21. Read any good account of the life of Gray.
22. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following words and expressions as here used: curfew, circumscribed, knell, droning flight, drowsy tinklings, folds, moping, bower, solitary reign, rude, clarion, glebe, jocund, trophies, animated, fretted vault, celestial fire, purest ray serene, ingenuous, madding, sequestered, elegy, dirges due, melancholy.

EXERCISES

1. Describe the scene of this poem.
2. How long was Gray in writing the finished poem?
3. What in the first stanza tells the time of day?
4. What tells us at the start something of the mood of the poem?
5. Is "air" in stanza 2 the subject or object of the clause?

6. Explain the last line of stanza 2. Why "drowsy tinklings"?
7. What is meant by "ancient solitary reign"?
8. In what sense were the forefathers "rude"?
9. What is meant by "narrow cell"?
10. What experiences they once had are theirs no more?
11. Sketch in your own words the picture of the simple life lived by the forefathers.
12. Explain "Let not Ambition mock . . . poor."
13. What historic incident has endeared the next stanza?
14. Answer the questions in the stanza beginning, "Can storied urn"
15. What is the mansion of the fleeting breath?
16. Explain "heart once pregnant with celestial fire."
17. Explain "waked to ecstasy the living lyre."
18. In what sense did Knowledge ne'er unroll her ample page to them?
19. Explain "noble rage," "genial current of the soul."
20. Memorize and explain the meaning of the stanza beginning, "Full many a gem"
21. Who was Hampden? Milton? Cromwell?
22. What is meant by saying that some Hampden, Milton, or Cromwell may rest here in the churchyard?
23. Just what did the humble position of these people forbid them to do?
24. Explain "heap the shrine . . . Muse's flame."
25. What is "the madding crowd's ignoble strife"?
26. What shows the secluded life led by these people?
27. Explain "frail memorial," "uncouth rhymes," "holy text."
28. Explain the meaning of the question in the stanza, "For who, to dumb forgetfulness . . . look behind"?
29. What does the poet see is to be his own fate?
30. After all his life of service, what are people likely to say of him one day?
31. From the "Epitaph," what do you think Gray valued most highly?
32. What are the least rewards with which any individual should be content?
33. What great truths of life are given in this poem?
34. To what do you think the popularity of this poem is due?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BRYANT: Thanatopsis.

KNOX: Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?

TENNYSON: Crossing the Bar.

BROWNING: Prospice. By the Fireside.

EMERSON: Terminus.

DICKENS: Death of Little Nell.

WORDSWORTH: Intimations on Immortality.

HAYNE: In Harbor.

MCCREENY: There is no Death.

ARNOLD: The Secret of Death.

WHITTIER: The Answer.

TAKE JOY HOME

Take joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her,
Then will she come and oft will sing to thee,
When thou art working in the furrows; ay,
Or weeding in the sacred heart of dawn.

It is a comely fashion to be glad:

Joy is the grace we say to God.

There is a rest remaining. Hast thou sinned?

There is a sacrifice. Lift up thy head:

The lovely world and the over-world alike

Ring with a song eterne, a happy rede:

"Thy Father loves thee."

—Jean Ingelow.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS

THE story of Spartacus is an interesting chapter in the history of the struggle for liberty. Great training schools for gladiators were established in Rome, Capua, Ravenna, and other cities. These gladiators were, for the most part, slaves, captives, or condemned criminals. They were forced to fight each other to the death in the arena in order to amuse the Roman populace now frenzied with the blood of conquests and civil strife. Spartacus, a Thracian by birth, was captured during the conquest of Northern Greece, sold as a slave, and sent to the training school at Capua. Here he was trained as a skilful fighter, and for twelve years was hired out to fight at public and at private entertainments. An educated Greek, with all the Greek love of liberty, he naturally resented such cruel and bloody slavery, yet in every combat he fought as became a valiant soldier.

After having proven his prowess and skill in many a combat, Spartacus incited the gladiatorial slaves at Capua to insurrection, and finally escaped with seventy comrades to the crater of Mt. Vesuvius. Here he issued a general eman-

cipation proclamation to all the slaves of Italy. For three years he defied the Roman power. Four Roman armies met disaster at the hands of his band. With a large force, he marched past Rome, entered the Po valley, and planned to cross the Alps, disband his army, and send his warriors as freedmen to their homes. His men refused to leave Italy, and demanded that they be led against Rome. During the campaign against Rome, the slave army met many reverses, was finally defeated, and Spartacus was slain.

The following speech is supposed to give the sentiment in the heart of Spartacus who, after twelve years of bloody combats on the arena sands, determined to stir up his fellow captives to strike for liberty.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS

It had been a day of triumph at Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet; and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dewdrop on the corselet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of Volturnus with

wavy, tremulous light. It was a night of holy calm, when the zephyr sways the young spring leaves, and whispers among the hollow reeds its dreamy music. No sound was heard save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach; and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed.

In the deep recesses of the amphitheatre, a band of gladiators were assembled, their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yet lingering on their brows, when Spartacus, rising in the midst of that grim assemblage, thus addressed them:—

“Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad Empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus,—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd’s flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our

flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I know not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night, the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the warhorse; the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling! To-day I killed a man in the arena; and when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped and died;—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph! I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body to burn it on a funeral pile and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins

they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said, 'Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!' And so, fellow gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O Rome, Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe; to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until thy yellow Tiber is red as flowing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your tightened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark, hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow he will break his fast upon yours, and a dainty meal for him ye will be. If ye are *beasts*, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are *men*—follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes,

and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O comrades, warriors, Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves. If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!

—*Elijah Kellogg.*

NOTES

1. *Gladiators.* Gladiatorial combats originated in Etruria in northern Italy. The early Etruscans first slew the prisoners upon the grave of a dead warrior, as blood thus shed was thought to delight the shades that hovered over the dead. Later, the prisoners were made to fight and kill each other, this being thought more humane than cold-blooded slaughter. The Romans adopted the custom in modified form. The first gladiatorial show in Rome was held in one of the forums and was presented by two sons at the funeral of their father, 264 B. C. The public taste for these bloody spectacles grew until imperial days saw Rome fairly infatuated by blood and slaughter.
2. *Volturnus.* A river near Capua.
3. *Arena.* The large open space in the amphitheatre. Sometimes it was covered with sand for the gladiatorial shows, sometimes flooded for naval combats.
4. *Prætor.* A Roman official performing the office of judge and interpreter of the laws.
5. *Vestals.* The six virgins, called vestal virgins, who kept the sacred fires burning in the temple of Vesta, the household goddess, from generation to generation.
6. *Numidian lion.* The most ferocious lions used in the arena were brought from Numidia in northern Africa.
7. *Roman Adonis.* A Roman nobleman having the fine manners and winning ways of the Greek god, Adonis, who captivated Venus by his charms.

8. *Sesterces*. The *sestertius* was a Roman coin commonly used as a unit of value. The term *sesterces* as here used is a general term for *money*.
9. *Thracian*. Thrace, a country north and east of Greece, touching the Black Sea.
10. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following words and expressions: gladiator, arena, private brawl, belie, defile, venerable, prætor, funeral pile, derision, pollution, carrion, plaited mail, ooze, tightened sinews, Adonis, sesterces, belabored hound, amphitheatre, victorious eagles, corselet.

EXERCISES

1. How did Spartacus come to be a gladiator?
2. What kind of gladiator had he proved himself to be?
3. Just who were these gladiators?
4. Tell the origin of gladiatorial combats.
5. In what sense was Spartacus "a savage chief of still more savage men"?
6. What tells of the simplicity of his early life?
7. Why should the boy's cheeks burn as he heard the tales of Spartan heroism?
8. What cause had he to hate the Romans?
9. Why does he mention the killing of his friend?
10. Why does the prætor not grant the boon asked?
11. Why did the crowd shout in derision?
12. What lessons had Rome taught him?
13. What points does Spartacus make in his final appeal to the gladiators?
14. What is the highest motive to which he appeals?
15. In what sense does he regard battle as "noble, honorable"?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

MITFORD: Rienzi's Address.

PATTEN: The Seminole's Defiance.

KNOWLES: William Tell Among the Mountains.

MONTGOMERY: Arnold von Winkelried.

BROWNING: Incident of a French Camp.

HALLECK: Marco Bozzaris.

BYRON: The Isles of Greece.

HALE: The Man Without a Country.

BRYANT: William Tell.

WENDELL PHILLIPS: Toussaint L'Ouverture.

WHITTIER: Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Story of David and Goliath.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

—John Milton.

THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD

THE world has been long engaged in a vain search for a true definition of bravery. Such a definition seems impossible at present, but thousands of instances might be cited where some phase of true bravery was exemplified. When a display of heroism is made with no possibility or hope of reward, it arouses universal admiration. Such incidents are the delight of the poet, and literature abounds in the narration of them.

In 1852, a steamer, *The Birkenhead*, engaged in carrying soldiers, struck on a hidden rock during one of her voyages. She sank soon after striking, carrying with her more than four hundred soldiers. Though this accident occurred off the Cape of Good Hope, many miles from their native England and not in the midst of the characteristic scenes of the battlefield, these heroes were honored as seldom falls to the lot of the ordinary soldier. In the following selection, it is supposed that one who survived the wreck tells the story.

THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD

Right on our flank the crimson sun went down;
The deep sea rolled around in dark repose;
When, like the wild shriek from some captured
town,
A cry of women rose.

The stout ship Birkenhead lay hard and fast,
Caught without hope upon a hidden rock;
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through them
passed
The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
Drifted away disorderly the planks
From underneath her keel.

Then amidst oath, and prayer, and rush, and
wreck,
Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,
Our colonel gave the word, and on the deck
Formed us in line to die.

To die! 'Twas hard, whilst the sleek ocean glowed
Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers;
All to the boats! cried one; he was, thank God,
No officer of ours.

Our English hearts beat true; we would not stir;
That base appeal we heard, but heeded not;
On land, on sea, we had our colors, sir,
To keep without a spot.

They shall not say in England, that we fought
With shameful strength, unhonored life to seek;
Into mean safety, mean deserters brought
By trampling down the weak.

So we made women with their children go;
The oars ply back again, and yet again;
Whilst inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still under steadfast men.

What follows, why recall? The brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf,
They sleep as well, beneath that purple tide,
As others under turf.

If that day's work no clasp or medal mark;
If each proud heart no cross of bronze may
press,
Nor cannon thunder loud from Tower or Park,
This feel we none the less:—

That those whom God's high grace there saved
from ill,
Those also left His martyrs in the bay,
Though not by siege, though not in battle, still
Full well had earned their pay.

—*Sir F. H. Doyle.*

NOTES

1. Whenever success is won by the army, the British government orders cannon to be fired in London.
2. The British soldier, who performs some deed of gallantry, may be given a Victoria Cross, a small bronze badge. Nothing is more ardently sought than this honor.
3. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following words and expressions: flank, rush of steel, keel, bronze, martyrs, flinching, thrilled, siege.

EXERCISES

1. From the opening lines, what kind of voyage does this seem to have been?
2. If the ship's timbers "thrilled as nerves," what do you know as to the force of the blow?
3. Why should the colonel form the men in line?
4. What tells us that the soldiers felt the temptation to disregard commands?
5. If the command, "All to the boats," had been obeyed, what would have been the result?
6. Why does the narrator thank God that this order did not come from the officer?
7. What does he mean by "keeping the colors without a spot"?
8. Why did not a few men go with the women and children?
9. What is the emphatic word in, "If that day's work no clasp or medal mark"?
10. What emphatic word in the line following?
11. In "This feel we none the less," what is the emphatic word?
12. Who were "those whom God's high grace there saved from ill"?
13. Who were "Those also left His martyrs in the bay"?
14. What was their "pay"?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

NATHAN HALE: The Martyr Spy.

LONGFELLOW: Paul Revere's Ride.

EMERSON: Concord Hymn.

TENNYSON: Charge of the Light Brigade.

BROWNING: The Patriot.

DICKENS: The Wreck.

MONTGOMERY: Make Way for Liberty.

READ: The Rising in 1776.

MACAULAY: Horatius at the Bridge.

SATISFIED*

Love wore a threadbare dress of gray,
And toiled upon the road all day.
Love wielded pick and carried pack
And bent to heavy loads the back.

Though meager-fed and sorely tasked,
One only wage Love ever asked—
A child's white face to kiss at night,
A woman's smile by candle-light.
—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

PLEASURES

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!
Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.
—*Robert Burns.*

*Reprinted from Lippincott's Magazine, March, 1900, and used by the courteous permission of the publishers, J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE RAVEN

IN *The Raven*, as in everything else Poe wrote, there is a “weird and marvelous music.” Everything poetical, he thought, could be interpreted by sound. He even declared he “could distinctly hear the sound of the darkness as it stole over the horizon.” While the music of the poem is admitted, its message is variously interpreted. Some have called *The Raven* a poem of remorse, the raven symbolizing regret for a mis-spent life. Some have declared the poem to be symbolical of the vanity and fruitlessness of human life. Others have regarded it as an ill-omened prophecy of the author’s own future. Many others have insisted that the poem is merely a lover’s lament for his lost love.

Poe himself, in his *Philosophy of Composition* published in *Graham’s Magazine*, April, 1846, gives the real meaning of the poem as he conceived it.

“I had now gone so far as the conception of a Raven—the bird of ill omen—monotonously repeating the one word ‘Nevermore,’ at the conclusion of each stanza, in a poem of melancholy tone, and in length about one hundred lines.—“Of all melancholy topics, what, accord-

ing to the *universal* understanding of mankind, is the most melancholy?" Death—was the obvious reply. "And when," I said, "is the most melancholy of topics most poetical?"—The answer, here also is obvious—"When it most closely allies itself to *Beauty*; the death then, of a beautiful woman is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world—and equally is it beyond doubt that the lips best suited for such topic are those of a bereaved lover. I had now to combine the two ideas, of a lover lamenting his deceased mistress and a Raven continuously repeating the word 'Nevermore'"—a word at first being merely a commonplace answer to a commonplace question, but finally involving "the utmost conceivable amount of sorrow and despair."

"I determined, then, to place the lover in his chamber—a chamber rendered sacred to him by memories of her who had frequented it. The room is represented as richly furnished.

"I made the night tempestuous, first, to account for the Raven's seeking admission, and secondly, for the effect of contrast with the (physical) serenity within the chamber.

"I made the bird alight on the bust of Pallas, also for the effect of contrast between the marble and the plumage—the bust of Pallas being chosen, first, as most in keeping with the scholar-

ship of the lover, and, secondly, for the sonorousness of the word, Pallas, itself.

“The undercurrent of meaning is rendered first apparent in the lines:

“Take thy beak from out *my heart*, and take thy form from off my door!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore!”

“It will be observed that the words, ‘from out my heart,’ involve the first metaphorical expression in the poem. They, with the answer, ‘Nevermore,’ dispose the mind to seek a moral in all that has been previously narrated. The reader begins now to regard the Raven as emblematical—but it is not until the very last line of the very last stanza, that the intention of making him emblematical of *Mournful and Never-ending Remembrance* is permitted distinctly to be seen.”

THE RAVEN

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,
weak and weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there
came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my
chamber door.

“’Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door;

Only this, and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,

And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor,

Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow, sorrow for the lost Lenore,—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,—

Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain

Thrilled me,—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,

“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;

That it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,

“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;

But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you
came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my
chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—Here I
opened wide the door;
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there,
wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared
to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness
gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whis-
pered word "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the
word "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within
me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder
than before;
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my
window-lattice;
Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery
explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery
explore;—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open then I flung the shutter, when, with many a
flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days
of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant
stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my
chamber door,—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my
chamber door,—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into
smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the counte-
nance it wore,
“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I
said, “art sure no craven;
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from
the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night’s
Plutonian shore?”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore!”

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear dis-
course so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy
bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human
being

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his
chamber door;

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
chamber door,

With such name as "Nevermore!"

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust,
spoke only

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he
did outpour.

Nothing farther then he uttered,—not a feather
then he fluttered,—

Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends
have flown before,—

On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes
have flown before."

Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly
spoken,

"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only
stock and store,

Caught from some unhappy master, whom un-
merciful disaster

Followed fast and followed faster, till his song one
burden bore,

Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden
bore,—

Of 'Nevermore, nevermore!'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into
smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of
bird and bust and door,
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
linking
Fancy into fancy, thinking what this ominous bird
of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and
ominous bird of yore—
Meant in croaking “Nevermore!”

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable ex-
pressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my
bosom’s core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease
reclining
On the cushion’s velvet lining that the lamp-light
gloated o’er,
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light
gloating o’er,
She shall press, ah! nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed
from an unseen censer,
Swung by Seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on
the tufted floor.
“Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee,—by
these angels he hath sent thee

Respite,—respite and nepenthe from the memories
of Lenore!

Quaff, O, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this
lost Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if
bird or devil!

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed
thee here ashore,

Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land en-
chanted,—

On this home by horror haunted,—tell me truly, I
implore,—

Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me, tell me,
I implore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still,
if bird or devil!

By that Heaven that bends above us,—by that God
we both adore,

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the dis-
tant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels
name Lenore,

Clasp a fair and radiant maiden, whom the angels
name Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!”

I shrieked, upstarting,—

“Get thee back into the tempest and the night’s
Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy
soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust
above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy
form from off my door!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore!”

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is
sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my cham-
ber door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that
is dreaming,

And the lamp-light o’er him streaming throws his
shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies float-
ing on the floor

Shall be lifted—*nevermore!*

—*Edgar Allan Poe.*

NOTES

1. If possible, read Poe’s *Philosophy of Composition*.
2. *Lenore* (lê-nôr’). The lost loved one. Poe never settled the question as to whether or not Lenore were a real person.
3. *Pallas* (päl’às). Name given in Athens to Minerva, the goddess of wisdom. She was also called Pallas Athene.
4. *Plutonian shore*. The lower regions presided over by Pluto.

5. *Nepenthe* (nê-pên'-thê). A drink used by the ancients to give relief from sorrow and pain. Here it means forgetfulness.
6. *Tempter sent*. Sent by Satan.
7. *Balm in Gilead!* See Jeremiah viii, 22. Here the meaning is, cure for sorrow for his lost love.
8. *Aidenn*. Heaven, or harbor of rest.
9. *Seeming*. Appearance.
10. Be prepared to give meanings of the following words and expressions as here used: quaint, lore, dying ember, ghost, surcease, fantastic terrors, token, saintly days, mien, ebony bird, beguiling, stern decorum, craven, ungainly fowl, relevancy, placid bust, unmerciful disaster, dirges, melancholy, ominous, divining, gloated, censer, seraphim, respite, nepenthe, black plume, pallid bust.

EXERCISES

1. Give a summary of Poe's interpretation of the poem.
2. Who is the person speaking as the poem opens?
3. How many things tell you of the occupation of the person?
4. What is his mood?
5. Explain "wrought its ghost upon the floor."
6. How did he seek "surcease of sorrow"?
7. Why does he say "whom the angels name Lenore"?
8. What gentle interruption occurs?
9. How does he interpret it? What does he then do?
10. Why should he then "dream dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before"?
11. Why should he there speak the whispered word "Lenore"?
12. What effect is produced by the Raven's perching silently on the bust of Pallas?
13. What is the meaning of the first "Nevermore"?
14. What additional meaning is attached to the bird's second utterance?
15. How did the speaker interpret the word?
16. Why should the fiery eyes of the bird burn into his bosom's core?
17. In what way is the third answer of the Raven intimately related to the speaker's experiences?
18. Interpret the fourth "Nevermore."

19. What additional significance is given the word in the fifth answer?
20. Explain "Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door."
21. What is now the still deeper meaning of "Nevermore"?
22. Explain the meaning of the last stanza.
23. Read and re-read the poem for both music and message.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

POE: Annabel Lee. Ulalume.

BURNS: To Mary in Heaven.

BYRON: She Walks in Beauty.

BROWNING: Evelyn Hope. Last Ride Together.

MEREDITH: Indian Love-Song.

WORDSWORTH: She Was a Phantom of Delight.

ROGERS: The Rosary.

MOORE: The Lake of the Dismal Swamp.

DICKENS: Child's Dream of a Star. Death of Little Nell.

LONGFELLOW: Footsteps of Angels.

THACKERAY: Death of Colonel Newcome.

HAWTHORNE: Marble Faun. Scarlet Letter.

NADAUD: Carcassonne.

PROCTER: Lost Chord.

WE SHOULD REST

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things
 If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs
 On our upward way;
We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour
 If the hours were few;
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher
 power
 To be and to do.

—Anonymous.

ANTONY'S ORATION

A GROUP of conspirators, comprising Brutus, Cassius, Casca, and others, have assassinated Julius Cæsar. The Roman populace loved Cæsar, and Brutus addresses them explaining why it was necessary to slay Cæsar.

“Not that I lov’d Cæsar less, but that I lov’d Rome more. * * * As Cæsar lov’d me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him.”

Brutus, in further explanation of his action, declared, “that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country to need my death.”

The fickle Roman populace shouted in approval,

“Live, Brutus! Live, Live!”

Antony and others now come in with Cæsar’s body. Brutus allows Antony to speak the funeral oration and even exhorts the people to hear Antony and to show respect to the dead

Cæsar. The following is Shakespeare's idea of what Antony must have said under the circumstances. The oration is one of the most remarkable discourses of the kind that has ever been written, changing as it does the attitude of the hostile populace and moving them to believe and act in behalf of the murdered Cæsar. Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæsar* doubtless formed the basis for this play. This extract is Plutarch's account of Antony's oration and its effect:

"Afterwards, when Cæsar's body was brought into the market place, Antonius making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion, he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more; and taking Cæsar's gown all bloody in his hand, he laid it open to the sight of them all, showing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it. Therewithal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny, that there was no more order kept among the common people."

ANTONY'S ORATION

ANTONY. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me
your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them,

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honorable man, 10
So are they all, all honorable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man. 15
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransom did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff. 20
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition? 25
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause; 30
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me. 35
1ST CITIZEN. Methinks there is much reason in his
sayings.

2D CITIZEN. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3D CITIZEN. Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4TH CITIZEN. Mark'd ye his words? He would not
take the crown; 40

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1ST CITIZEN. If it be found so, some will dear
abide it.

2D CITIZEN. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with
weeping.

3D CITIZEN. There's not a nobler man in Rome
than Antony.

4TH CITIZEN. Now mark him, he begins again to
speak. 45

ANTONY. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were disposed to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, 50

I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honorable men.

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,

Than I will wrong such honorable men. 55

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;

I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.

Let but the commons hear this testament,—

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's
wounds, 60

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue. 65

4TH CITIZEN. We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark
Antony.

ALL. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

ANTONY. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not
read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but
men; 70

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it?

4TH CITIZEN. Read the will! we'll hear it,
Antony! 75

You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will!

ANTONY. Will you be patient? Will you stay
awhile?

I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do
fear it. 80

4TH CITIZEN. They were traitors! honorable men!

ALL. The will! the testament!

2D CITIZEN. They were villains, murderers. The
will! Read the will!

ANTONY. You will compel me, then, to read the
will? 85

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

ALL. Come down.

2D CITIZEN. Descend. 90

(Antony comes down.)

3D CITIZEN. You shall have leave.

4TH CITIZEN. A ring; stand round.

1ST CITIZEN. Stand from the hearse, stand from
the body.

2D CITIZEN. Room for Antony! most noble Antony!

ANTONY. Nay, press not so upon me; stand
far off. 95

ALL. Stand back! room! bear back!

ANTONY. If you have tears, prepare to shed them
now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent, 100

That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;

See what a rent the envious Casca made;

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And 'as he pluck'd his cursed steel away, 105

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel;

Judge, O ye Gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him! 110

This was the most unkindest cut of all;

For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And in his mantle muffling up his face, 115
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us. 120

O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity, these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd as you see, with traitors. 125

1ST CITIZEN. O, piteous spectacle!

2D CITIZEN. O, noble Cæsar!

3D CITIZEN. O, woeful day!

4TH CITIZEN. O, traitors, villains!

1ST CITIZEN. O, most bloody sight! 130

2D CITIZEN. We will be reveng'd!

ALL. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire!
Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!

ANTONY. Stay, countrymen.

1ST CITIZEN. Peace there! Hear the noble
Antony. 135

2D CITIZEN. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll
die with him.

ANTONY. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not
stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable.

What private griefs they have, alas! I know
not, 140

That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is,

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man, 145

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on; 150

I tell you that which you yourselves do know,

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me; but, were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue 155

In every wound of Cæsar that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

ALL. We'll mutiny.

1ST CITIZEN. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3D CITIZEN. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators. 160

ANTONY. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

ALL. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony.

ANTONY. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not.—I must tell you, then. 165

You have forgot the will I told you of.

ALL. Most true;—the will!—let's stay, and hear the will.

ANTONY. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas. 170

2D CITIZEN. Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3D CITIZEN. O, royal Cæsar!

ANTONY. Hear me with patience.

ALL. Peace, ho!

ANTONY. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

175

His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,

And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another? 180

1ST CITIZEN. Never, never!—Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2D CITIZEN. Go, fetch fire.

185

3D CITIZEN. Pluck down benches.

2D CITIZEN. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

(Exeunt citizens, with the body.)

ANTONY. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt!

—From Shakespeare's "*Julius Cæsar*."

Act III, Scene 2.

NOTES

1. Read Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar."
2. *Lu'percal* (lū'pēr-cāl). A cave or grotto on the Palatine hill where the ancient Roman festival of the Lupercalia was held. This festival was held on February fifteenth of each year. The Lupercal was the place where Romulus and Remus, the mythical founders of Rome, were said to have been nursed by a wolf.
3. *Commons*. Common people.
4. *Napkins*. Handkerchiefs.
5. *The Nervii*. The most warlike and powerful of the tribes Cæsar conquered in Gaul.
6. *Pompey's statue*. A statue erected as a symbol of liberty in honor of the great Pompey.
7. *Seventy-five drachmas*. Between fourteen and fifteen dollars. The drachma was worth nineteen cents.
8. Look up carefully the meanings of the following words and expressions as here used: ambitious, honorable, ransoms, coffers, reverence, mutiny, parchment, napkins, bequeathing, legacy, o'ershot, hearse, unkindly knocked, most unkindest cut, vanquished, bloody treason, vesture, sudden flood of mutiny, recreate.

EXERCISES

1. Tell the circumstances immediately preceding the opening of this oration.
2. With what object does Antony say what he does in the second line?
3. Why does he state that he speaks "under leave of Brutus, and the rest"?
4. Why does he also say, "He was my friend, faithful and just to me"?
5. Why does he repeat "honorable man" so many times?
6. What evidence (lines 15-25) does Antony introduce to show the populace that Cæsar was not ambitious?
7. Why does he say so many times, "Yet Brutus says he was ambitious"?
8. What appeal is made in lines 30, 31?

9. What is the purpose of the pause?
10. What effect has the speech produced on the populace so far?
11. What is Antony's purpose in lines 50-56?
12. Why does Antony produce the will?
13. Why add "which, pardon me, I do not mean to read"?
14. What effect does what he says immediately following have on the people?
15. Why does he urge patience and state, "I must not read it"?
16. What is the purpose of line 70?
17. Why does he not say outright what he insinuates in the next four lines?
18. What hint is given the populace in line 75?
19. Why does he urge further patience and suggest that he has wronged "the honorable men whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar"?
20. Why does he have them form a ring?
21. Why show rents in the mantle instead of wounds in the body?
22. Explain "envious Casca," "well beloved Brutus," "cursed steel," "most unkindest cut."
23. Why does he describe the assassination so vividly?
24. What daring declaration in lines 118-120?
25. Why does he wait until now to show the body?
26. Why not let the citizens go now?
27. Why does he mention "private griefs"?
28. Why does he speak of wounds as "poor dumb mouths"?
29. Why suggest that eloquence like that of Brutus could cause "The very stones of Rome to rise and mutiny"?
30. Why does he still hold the people?
31. What does he accomplish by reading the will of Cæsar?
32. What final effect was produced by the oration?
33. What was the attitude of the people at the outset?
34. Make a list of the steps by which their attitude was changed.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

SHAKESPEARE: Julius Cæsar.

KELLOGG: Spartacus to the Gladiators.

PIERPONT: Warren's Address at Bunker Hill.

PATRICK HENRY: A Call to Arms.

READ: The Rising in 1776.

WORDSWORTH: Character of the Happy Warrior.

WEBSTER: Reply to Hayne. Supposed Speech of John Adams.

PHILLIPS: Napoleon Bonaparte.

PLUTARCH: Life of Julius Cæsar.

THREE GATES OF GOLD

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale some one to you has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three gates of gold;
These narrow gates: First, "Is it true?"
Then: "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give truthful answer, and the next
Is last and closest, "Is it kind?"
And, if to reach your lips at last,
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.

—*Selected.*

TRUE DIGNITY

True dignity abides with him alone,
Who, in the patient hour of silent thought,
Can still respect and still revere himself.

—*Wadsworth.*

THE BROTHER OF MERCY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER was a devout Quaker, and his interpretations of religion are remarkably liberal and practical. He seemed to catch clearly the vision that religion and life are one, and that true religious faith must find expression in service for others. He could not approve the Puritan idea of a future life spent in perfect bliss with white robes, harps, and crowns of gold. Longfellow in his *Excelsior* had already hinted at growth of the soul even in an immortal existence. Whittier's interpretation of the future life, as given in this poem, is presented so artistically and so reasonably that even his Puritan neighbors did not resent it.

Whittier based this poem upon a touching account of the death of a Brother of Mercy, Piero Luca, in Florence. The Brothers of Mercy, known also as Fathers of Mercy and Priests of Mercy, were an order of monks devoted exclusively to helping the needy, caring for the sick, and similar "tasks of love or pity." They were a *working*, not a *praying*, order of monks. When one of these working brothers came to

die, a member of a religious order was called in to give spiritual guidance and comfort.

In the scene described, Piero, a Brother of Mercy, lay dying after forty years of faithful ministry. By his side sat the religious monk of La Certosa assuring him that his life of faithful labor should be rewarded by rest and perfect



BROTHERS OF MERCY

bliss among the white-robed saints. The significant reply of the sincere Piero, the muttering reproach and flight of the pale monk, and the sweet benediction of an angel presence, are the framework upon which Whittier constructs his practical philosophy of a future life, culminating

in the tender, compassionate voice of the angel saying,

“Never fear!

For heaven is love, as God himself is love;

Thy work below shall be thy work above.”

A hurried reading of such a poem will not satisfy. The poem must be studied until its message sinks into the very soul of the reader.

THE BROTHER OF MERCY*

Piero Luca, known of all the town
As the gray porter by the Pitti wall
Where the noon shadows of the gardens fall,
Sick and in dolor, waited to lay down
His last sad burden, and beside his mat
The barefoot monk of La Certosa sat.

Unseen, in square and blossoming garden drifted,
Soft sunset lights through green Val d' Arno sifted;
Unheard, below the living shuttles shifted
Backward and forth, and wove, in love or strife,
In mirth or pain, the mottled web of life:
But when at last came upward from the street
Tinkle of bell and tread of measured feet,
The sick man started, strove to rise in vain,
Sinking back heavily with a moan of pain.
And the monk said, “’Tis but the Brotherhood
Of Mercy going on some errand good:
Their black masks by the palace-wall I see.”

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Piero answered faintly, "Woe is me!
This day for the first time in forty years
In vain the bell hath sounded in my ears,
Calling me with my brethren of the mask,
Beggar and prince alike, to some new task
Of love or pity,—haply from the street
To bear a wretch plague-stricken, or, with feet
Hushed to the quickened ear and feverish brain,
To tread the crowded lazaretto's floors,
Down the long twilight of the corridors,
Midst tossing arms and faces full of pain.
I loved the work: it was its own reward.
I never counted on it to offset
My sins, which are many, or make less my debt
To the free grace and mercy of our Lord;
But somehow, father, it has come to be
In these long years so much a part of me,
I should not know myself, if lacking it,
But with the work the worker too would die,
And in my place some other self would sit
Joyful or sad,—what matters, if not I?
And now all's over. Woe is me!" — "My son,"
The monk said soothingly, "thy work is done;
And no more as a servant, but the guest
Of God thou enterest thy eternal rest.
No toil, no tears, no sorrow for the lost,
Shall mar thy perfect bliss. Thou shalt sit down
Clad in white robes, and wear a golden crown
Forever and forever." — Piero tossed
On his sick-pillow: "Miserable me!
I am too poor for such grand company;

The crown would be too heavy for this gray
Old head; and God forgive me if I say
It would be hard to sit there night and day,
Like an image in the Tribune, doing naught
With these hard hands, that all my life have
wrought,

Not for bread only, but for pity's sake.
I'm dull at prayers: I could not keep awake,
Counting my beads. Mine's but a crazy head,
Scarce worth the saving, if all else be dead.
And if one goes to heaven without a heart,
God knows he leaves behind his better part.
I love my fellow men: the worst I know
I would do good to. Will death change me so
That I shall sit among the lazy saints,
Turning a deaf ear to the sore complaints
Of souls that suffer? Why, I never yet
Left a poor dog in the *strada* hard beset,
Or ass o'erladen! Must I rate man less
Than dog or ass, in holy selfishness?
Methinks (Lord, pardon, if the thought be sin!)
The world of pain were better if therein
One's heart might still be human, and desires
Of natural pity drop upon its fires
Some cooling tears."

Thereat the pale monk crossed
His brow, and muttering, "Madman! thou art lost!"
Took up his pyx and fled; and, left alone,
The sick man closed his eyes with a great groan
That sank into a prayer, "Thy will be done!"

Then was he made aware, by soul or ear,
Of somewhat pure and holy bending o'er him,
And of a voice like that of her who bore him,
Tender and most compassionate: "Never fear!
For heaven is love, as God himself is love;
Thy work below shall be thy work above."
And when he looked, lo! in the stern monk's place
He saw the shining of an angel's face!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

NOTES

1. This scene is located in Florence, a beautiful walled city situated on the river Arno in upper Italy.
2. *Pitti wall.* One of the city walls.
3. *La Certosa.* Pronounced *chěr-tō'sä*.
4. *Val d' Arno.* Valley of the Arno river.
5. *Black masks.* The Brothers of Mercy wore black.
6. *Lazaretto's floors.* Floors of the great city hospital.
7. *Tribune.* An elevated bench or platform for speakers before the legislative assembly.
8. *Strada.* Street.
9. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following words and expressions as here used: dolor, living shuttles, lazaretto, free grace, wrought, *strada*, holy selfishness, pyx, compassionate.

EXERCISES

1. Why was Piero called the "gray porter"? How long had he served as a Brother of Mercy?
2. Explain "waited to lay down his last sad burden."
3. Why was the monk of La Certosa by Piero's side?
4. Why should the dying monk start at the "tinkle of bell"?
5. What explanation of the "tinkle of bell" is made by the bare-foot monk?
6. Why does Piero say the bell sounds for him "in vain"?
7. Cite passages showing the kind of work done by the Brothers of Mercy.

8. What is shown of Piero in his declaration, "I loved the work"?
How could such work be its own reward?
9. Why did not Piero count on this work to offset his sins?
10. Explain the deeper meaning of "*Woe is me!*"
11. What comfort did the barefoot monk now offer?
12. Why should Piero now toss on his pillow?
13. What was the first thought that came to him?
14. Why would it be *hard* for him "to sit there night and day like an image in the Tribune"?
15. Explain "for pity's sake."
16. Why should this monk confess, "I'm dull at prayers"?
17. Explain the two lines beginning "And if one goes to heaven.
 "
18. What is shown of this monk in "the worst I know I would do good to"?
19. Why does he speak of "lazy saints"?
20. How does he fancy these "lazy saints" are related to the suffering world?
21. Explain "holy selfishness" as here connected with the "lazy saints."
22. Why would Piero prefer "the world of pain" with service for humanity to a heaven of "perfect bliss"?
23. What effect did this declaration have upon the religious monk of La Certosa?
24. Why should the pale monk regard such a worker as "lost"?
25. Then why not cling to him the more closely?
26. What was Piero's spirit and attitude of soul as shown by his last utterance?
27. What striking truth did the tender angel voice reveal to him?
28. How did this truth vary from the ordinary religious idea of heaven in Whittier's day?
29. Point out the passages you like best in the poem, and give reasons for your preference.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

HUNT: Abou Ben Adhem.

WHITTIER: The Prayer Seeker. The Eternal Goodness. Thy Will Be Done.

LONGFELLOW: Santa Filomena. Excelsior. The Legend Beautiful. MATTHEW XXV, 34-46.

LUKE X, 25-37: Story of the Good Samaritan.

LOWELL: Vision of Sir Launfal. Yussouf.
ANDREWS: The Perfect Tribute.
MASON: The Voyage.
WORDSWORTH: The Wishing-Gate.
RILEY: God Bless Us Every One.
SILL: The Fool's Prayer.
MARGARET DELAND: Life.
IAN MACLAREN: Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.
EMERSON: The Over-Soul.
BACON: Of Love.
DRUMMOND: The Greatest Thing in the World.
BROOKS: The Beauty of a Life of Service.
ALICE BROWN: Rosy Balm.
KIPLING: The Bell Buoy.

MY COUNTRY

From sea to sea my country lies
Beneath the splendor of the skies.

Far reach its plains, its hills are high,
Its mountains look up to the sky.

Its lakes are clear as crystal bright,
Its rivers sweep through vale and height.

America, my native land,
To thee I give my heart and hand.

God in His might chose thee to be
The country of the noble free!

—Marie Zelterberg.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

THE story of Moses, the great leader and law giver, is familiar to every school boy and school girl in the land. The children of Israel were famishing from thirst in the wilderness of Kadesh.¹ They rebuked Moses saying, "Why have ye brought up the congregation of the Lord into this wilderness, that we and our cattle should die there? Wherefore have ye made us to come up out of Egypt, to bring us in unto this evil place? It is no place of seed, or of figs, or of vines, or of pomegranates; neither is there any water to drink."—And the Lord appeared unto Moses and commanded him to take the rod, to gather the assembly together, and to speak to the rock, promising that the rock should give forth water for all. In the presence of the great congregation, Moses said, "Hear now, ye rebels; must we fetch you water out of this rock?" Then Moses smote the rock twice, and the water gushed forth. For the disobedience of Moses and Aaron the Lord promised that they should not lead the people into the promised land. Moses was taken away in

¹Pronounced kā' dēsh.

the prime of life. The story of the death and burial of Moses is recorded in the following verses in the thirty-fourth chapter of Deuteronomy:

And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the Mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho. And the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan, and all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoar. And the Lord said unto him, This is the land which I sware unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed: I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes but thou shalt not go over thither.

So Moses, the servant of the Lord, died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day.

And Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died: his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated.



MOSES—*Michelangelo*

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth,—
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun,—

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,

Out of his rocky eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But, when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher

Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor,
The hillside for a pall;
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!
Before the Judgment Day,
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;

He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

—*Cecil Frances Alexander.*

NOTES

1. Study the wanderings of the children of Israel in the wilderness, on any good map.
2. Locate each of the places mentioned in the introduction of the poem.
3. *Transept.* The cross aisles in a cathedral constructed in the form of a cross, with one long aisle and one short aisle crossing the long one. The cross aisle is called the transept. The transept divides the long aisle into the two unequal parts, the longer of which is called the nave, the shorter the chòir.
4. Look up the following words and expressions: sepulcher, tramping, crown, verdure, lonely, eyrie, arms reversed, emblazoned, pall, lie in state, bier, uncoffined clay, mysteries of grace, incarnate.

EXERCISES

1. Tell something of the story of Moses' life.
2. Why was Moses not permitted to lead the children of Israel into the promised land?
3. Where was Moses buried?
4. What sort of funeral procession does the poet say honored Moses?
5. Explain "Beast and bird have seen and heard that which man knoweth not."
6. How are warriors usually laid to rest?
7. How are bards and sages usually honored after death?
8. Why then should this bravest of warriors, this most gifted poet, statesman, and philosopher have no such honor given him?
9. What high honors did he have shown him?
10. What mystery lies in this poem? What do you think is the explanation?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

WOLFE: Burial of Sir John Moore.

GILDER: Burial of Grant.

ALBEE: A Soldier's Grave.

BOKER: Dirge for a Soldier.

KNOX: Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?

KIPLING: The Burial.

O'HARA: Bivouac of the Dead.

SERVICE

There is a destiny that makes us brothers.

None goes his way alone;

All that is sent into the lives of others

Comes back into our own.

—*Edwin Markham.*

THINK FOR THYSELF

Think for thyself—one good idea,

But known to be thine own,

Is better than a thousand gleaned

From fields by others sown.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

TRUTH

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,

The eternal years of God are hers;

But error, wounded, writhes in pain,

And dies among his worshippers.

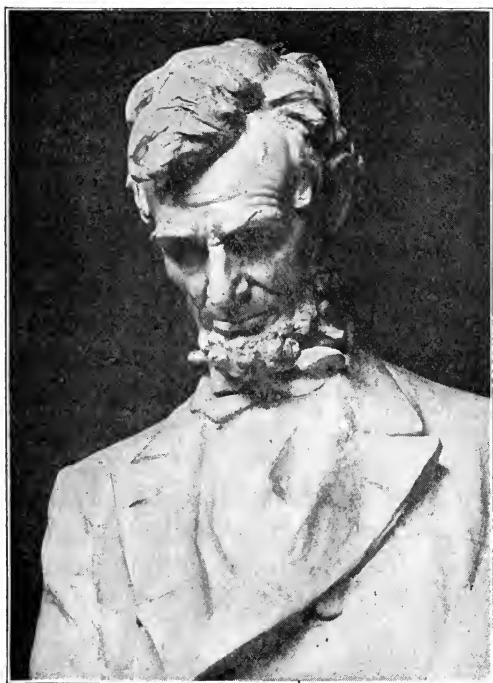
—*William Cullen Bryant.*

LINCOLN, THE GREAT COMMONER

AS Abraham Lincoln lay dying, Edmund Stanton, the great War Secretary, said, "Now he belongs to the ages." At the time, few or none comprehended the import of this saying. With the passing years, not statesmen alone nor Americans alone, but the world is beginning to see that the wisdom of the speaker is being verified hourly. Everywhere the martyr-president's wisdom, tenderness, and simplicity have been discussed until he has become the accepted type of these virtues. His old friends, the members of his cabinet, his letters, and every conceivable source have been besought for additional material concerning the habits, character and life of this great American. Authors of all degrees of prominence have laid their meed of praise upon the monument of Lincoln Literature until it has grown to bewildering magnitude. No man has ever received more eloquent or more finely conceived tributes than

"The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

Among all the splendid tributes paid, none excels in beauty, aptness, and dignity the follow-



LINCOLN—*Daniel Chester French*

ing written by Edwin Markham, the author of "The Man with the Hoe."

LINCOLN, THE GREAT COMMONER*

When the Norn-Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour,
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,

*Used by the courteous permission of the Editor of McClure's Magazine, in which the poem was first published.

She bent the strenuous Heavens and came down,
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
It was a stuff to wear for centuries,
A man that matched the mountains and compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us.

The color of the ground was in him, the red Earth,
The tang and odor of the primal things;
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—

To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

And so he came,
From prairie cabin to the Capitol,
One fair ideal led our chieftain on,
Forevermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a King.
He built the rail pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,

The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the step of earthquake shook the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridgepole up and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise,
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

—Edwin Markham.

NOTES

1. If possible, secure a collection of pictures of Mr. Lincoln and study carefully the striking features and expressions of each.
2. Read some good biography of Mr. Lincoln and if obtainable, a collection of Lincoln Stories.
3. *Norn-Mother*. See *Norn* in any good dictionary.
4. Look up the meanings of the following words and expressions as here used: *Norn-Mother*, strenuous Heavens, Whirlwind Hour, tang, primal things, rectitude, tolerance, equity, flaring, wrenching, ridgepole.

EXERCISES

1. Explain "*Norn-Mother*."
2. What was the "*Whirlwind Hour*"?
3. Why were the Heavens spoken of as "*strenuous*"?
4. What does the word "*mortal*" mean as used in the fourth line?
5. What is the significance of "*tried clay*"?
6. Tell an incident of Lincoln's life that would prove that he was yet "*warm with the genial heat of earth*."

7. Mention anything he ever said that betrays a "strain of prophecy."
8. What shows that "laughter" was mixed in?
9. How did he "match our mountains"?
10. How many characteristics are enumerated in the second stanza?
11. Mention any comparison that seems beautiful to you?
12. What is the Matterhorn?
13. What is the difference in aim of the first two stanzas?
14. What is the purpose of the third stanza?
15. Do you consider it probable that the forests and prairies did affect his character?
16. Define "burned" as used in "he burned to do his deed."
17. In what sense did his conscience test every stroke?
18. How are our deeds frequently the "measure of a man"?
19. Why call Lincoln "Captain"?
20. What was "the house"?
21. What was "the step of earthquake" which "shook the house"?
22. What was the "long purpose"?
23. What is shown of one who falters at praise?
24. Explain "fell in whirlwind."
25. Why compare him with a cedar, "green with boughs"?
26. In what sense did Lincoln leave a "lonesome place against the sky"?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

WHITMAN: O Captain! My Captain!

LINCOLN: Gettysburg Address.

LOWELL: Centennial Hymn.

INGERSOLL: Eulogy of Lincoln.

STODDARD: Abraham Lincoln.

TYRRELL: The Man of the Hour.

WORDSWORTH: The Happy Warrior.

PHILLIPS BROOKS: Abraham Lincoln. A Funeral Sermon.

BEECHER: The Death of Lincoln.

R. D. C. ROBBINS: The Soldier's Reprieve.

ANDREWS: The Perfect Tribute.

WATTERSON: Abraham Lincoln.

STEDMAN: The Hand of Lincoln.

THE TRIAL BY COMBAT

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S famous novel, *Ivanhoe*, is read with keenest relish by those who love brilliant, stirring romantic tales. The scene in which the life of the beautiful Rebecca hangs upon the issue of single combat is most touching and impressive. This scene, as given in one of the closing chapters of *Ivanhoe*, is here reproduced.

Brian de Bois-Guilbert,¹ a Knight Templar, became wildly infatuated with the fair Jewess, Rebecca, who did not return his love. She had already lost her heart to the brave *Ivanhoe* whom she was nursing back to health and strength; yet she generously respected his true love for the gentle heiress, Lady Rowena. Bois-Guilbert had plead for Rebecca's love, but had been heartlessly repulsed. When the great Castle of Torquilstone, in which Rebecca was practicing her healing arts on the wounded *Ivanhoe*, was besieged and in flames, the ghastly figure of Bois-Guilbert, with gilded armor broken and bloody, appeared in the sick-room and urged Rebecca to fly with him to love and safety. "Alone," answered Rebecca, "I will not follow thee"...

¹Pronounced brē äN' de bwá'-gêl-bâr'.

“Savage warrior, rather will I perish in the flames than accept safety from thee!”

Thereupon he seized the terrified maiden, who filled the air with her shrieks, and bore her through fire and smoke and slaughter to the court-yard. She was mounted on horseback in front of a slave and hurried off to the Castle of the Knights Templars at Templestowe, where she was imprisoned for a time, then convicted of witchcraft on account of her religion, her skill in medicine, and her attractiveness. She was condemned to die the slow, wretched death by fire, a sentence which was to be suspended only on condition that she secure a champion who should overcome the representative of the Templars in single combat. Brian de Bois-Guilbert was chosen to fight Rebecca's champion and thus in victorious combat to lift from his soul the strange spell of her sorcery. The following extract tells of the combat and its issue.

THE TRIAL BY COMBAT

The scene is the exterior of the Castle or Preceptory of Templestowe, about the hour when the bloody die was to be cast for the life or death of Rebecca. It was a scene of bustle and life, as if the whole vicinity had poured forth its inhabitants to a village wake or rural feast. But the earnest desire to look on blood and death is not

peculiar to those dark ages; though in the gladiatorial exercise of single combat and general tourney, they were habituated to the bloody spectacle of brave men falling by each other's hands. Even in our own days, when morals are better understood, an execution, a bruising match, a riot, or a meeting of radical reformers, collects, at considerable hazard to themselves, immense crowds of spectators, otherwise little interested except to see how matters are to be conducted.

The eyes, therefore, of a very considerable multitude were bent on the gate of the Preceptory of Templestowe, with the purpose of witnessing the procession; while still greater numbers had already surrounded the tiltyard belonging to that establishment. This enclosure was formed on a piece of level ground adjoining the Preceptory, which had been levelled with care, for the exercise of military and chivalrous sports. It occupied the brow of a soft and gentle eminence, was carefully palisaded around, and, as the Templars willingly invited spectators to be witnesses of their skill in feats of chivalry, was amply supplied with galleries and benches for their use.

On the present occasion, a throne was erected for the Grand Master at the east end, surrounded with seats of distinction for the Preceptors and Knights of the Order. Over these floated the sacred standard, called *Le Beauseant*,¹ which was the ensign, as its name was the battle-cry, of the Templars.

¹Pronounced bō' sā' äN'.

At the opposite end of the lists was a pile of fagots, so arranged around a stake, deeply fixed in the ground, as to leave a space for the victim whom they were destined to consume, to enter within the fatal circle, in order to be chained to the stake by the fetters which hung ready for that purpose. Beside this deadly apparatus stood four black slaves, whose color and African features, then so little known in England, appalled the multitude, who gazed on them as on demons employed about their own diabolical exercises. These men stirred not, excepting now and then, under the direction of one who seemed their chief, to shift and replace the ready fuel. They looked not on the multitude. In fact, they seemed insensible of their presence, and of everything save the discharge of their own horrible duty. And when, in speech with each other, they expanded their blubber lips and showed their white fangs, as if they grinned at the thoughts of the expected tragedy, the startled commons could scarcely help believing that they were actually the familiar spirits with whom the witch had communed, and who, her time being out, stood ready to assist in her dreadful punishment. They whispered to each other, and communicated all the feats which Satan had performed during that busy and unhappy period, not failing, of course, to give the devil rather more than his due. . . .

As they thus conversed, the heavy bell of the church of St. Michael of Templestowe, a venerable

building, situated in a hamlet at some distance from the Preceptory, broke short their argument. One by one the sullen sounds fell successively on the ear, leaving but sufficient space for each to die away in distant echo, ere the air was again filled by repetition of the iron knell. These sounds, the signal of the approaching ceremony, chilled with awe the hearts of the assembled multitude, whose eyes were now turned to the Preceptory, expecting the approach of the Grand Master, the champion, and the criminal.

At length the drawbridge fell, the gates opened, and a knight, bearing the great standard of the Order, sallied from the castle, preceded by six trumpets, and followed by the Knights Preceptor, two and two, the Grand Master coming last, mounted on a stately horse, whose furniture was of the simplest kind. Behind him came Brian de Bois-Guilbert, armed cap-a-pie in bright armor, but without his lance, shield, and sword, which were borne by his two esquires behind him. His face, though partly hidden by a long plume which floated down from his barret-cap, bore a strong and mingled expression of passion, in which pride seemed to contend with irresolution. He looked ghastly pale, as if he had not slept for several nights, yet reined his pawing war-horse with the habitual ease and grace proper to the best lance of the Order of the Temple. His general appearance was grand and commanding; but, looking at him with attention, men read that in his dark

features, from which they willingly withdrew their eyes.

On either side rode Conrade of Mont-Fitchet, and Albert de Malvoisin, who acted as godfathers to the champion. They were in their robes of peace, the white dress of the Order. Behind them followed other Companions of the Temple, with a long train of esquires and pages clad in black, aspirants to the honor of being one day Knights of the Order. After these neophytes came a guard of warders on foot, in the same sable livery, amidst whose partisans might be seen the pale form of the accused moving with a slow but undismayed step towards the scene of her fate. She was stripped of all her ornaments, lest perchance there should be among them some of those amulets which Satan was supposed to bestow upon his victims, to deprive them of the power of confessing even when under the torture. A coarse white dress, of the simplest form, had been substituted for her Oriental garments; yet there was such an exquisite mixture of courage and resignation in her look, that even in this garb, and with no other ornament than her long black tresses, each eye wept that looked upon her, and the most hardened bigot regretted the fate that had converted a creature so goodly into a vessel of wrath and a waged slave of the devil.

A crowd of inferior personages belonging to the Preceptory followed the victim, all moving

with the utmost order, with arms folded, and looks bent upon the ground.

This slow procession moved up the gentle eminence, on the summit of which was the tilt-yard, and, entering the lists, marched once around them from right to left, and when they had completed the circle, made a halt. There was then a momentary bustle, while the Grand Master and all his attendants, excepting the champion and his godfathers, dismounted from their horses, which were immediately removed out of the lists by the esquires, who were in attendance for that purpose.

The unfortunate Rebecca was conducted to the black chair placed near the pile. On her first glance at the terrible spot where preparations were making for a death alike dismaying to the mind and painful to the body, she was observed to shudder and shut her eyes, praying internally, doubtless, for her lips moved though no speech was heard. In the space of a minute she opened her eyes, looked fixedly on the pile as if to familiarize her mind with the object, and then slowly and naturally turned away her head.

Meanwhile, the Grand Master had assumed his seat; and when the chivalry of his Order was placed around and behind him, each in his due rank, a loud and long flourish of the trumpets announced that the Court were seated for judgment. Malvoisin, then, acting as godfather of the champion, stepped forward, and laid the glove of

the Jewess, which was the pledge of battle, at the feet of the Grand Master.

“Valorous Lord, and reverend Father,” said he, “here standeth the good knight, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Knight Preceptor of the Order of the Temple, who, by accepting the pledge of battle which I now lay at your reverence’s feet, hath become bound to do his devoir in combat this day, to maintain that this Jewish maiden, by name Rebecca, hath justly deserved the doom passed upon her in a chapter of this most holy Order of the Temple of Zion, condemning her to die as a sorceress;—here, I say, he standeth, such battle to do, knightly and honorable, if such be your noble and sanctified pleasure.”

“Hath he made oath,” said the Grand Master, “that his quarrel is just and honorable?”

“Sir, and most reverend Father,” answered Malvoisin, readily, “our brother here present hath already sworn to the truth of his accusation in the hand of the good knight Conrade de Mont-Fitchet; and otherwise he ought not to be sworn, seeing that his adversary is an unbeliever, and may take no oath.” . . .

The Grand Master, having allowed the apology, commanded the herald to stand forth and do his devoir. The trumpets then again flourished, and a herald, stepping forward, proclaimed aloud, “Oyez, oyez, oyez.—Here standeth the good knight, Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, ready to do battle with any knight of free blood, who will sustain

the quarrel allowed and allotted to the Jewess Rebecca, to try by champion, in respect of lawful essoin of her own body; and to such champion the reverend and valorous Grand Master here present allows a fair field, and equal partition of sun and wind, and whatever else appertains to a fair combat." The trumpets again sounded, and there was a dead pause of many minutes.

"No champion appears for the appellant," said the Grand Master. "Go, herald, and ask her whether she expects any one to do battle for her in this her cause." The herald went to the chair in which Rebecca was seated, and Bois-Guilbert, suddenly turning his horse's head towards that end of the lists, in spite of hints on either side from Malvoisin and Mont-Fitchet, was by the side of Rebecca's chair as soon as the herald.

"Damsel," said the herald, "the Honorable and Reverend the Grand Master demands of thee, if thou art prepared with a champion to do battle this day in thy behalf, or if thou dost yield thee as one justly condemned to a deserved doom?"

"Say to the Grand Master," replied Rebecca, "that I maintain my innocence, and do not yield me as justly condemned, lest I become guilty of mine own blood. Say to him, that I challenge such delay as his forms will permit, to see if God, whose opportunity is in man's extremity, will raise me up a deliverer; and when such uttermost space is passed, may His holy will be done!" The

herald retired to carry this answer to the Grand Master.

"God forbid," said Lucas Beaumanoir, "that Jew or pagan should impeach us of injustice!—Until the shadows be cast from the west to the eastward, will we wait to see if a champion shall appear for this unfortunate woman. When the day is so far passed, let her prepare for death."

The herald communicated the words of the Grand Master to Rebecca, who bowed her head submissively, folded her arms, and, looking up towards heaven, seemed to expect that aid from above which she could scarce promise herself from man. During this awful pause, the voice of Bois-Guilbert broke upon her ear—it was but a whisper, yet it startled her more than the summons of the herald had appeared to do.

"Rebecca," said the Templar, "dost thou hear me?"

"I have no portion in thee, cruel, hard-hearted man," said the unfortunate maiden.

"Ay, but dost thou understand my words?" said the Templar; "for the sound of my voice is frightful in mine own ears. I scarce know on what ground we stand, or for what purpose they have brought us hither.—This listed space—that chair—these fagots—I know their purpose, and yet it appears to me like something unreal—the fearful picture of a vision which appalls my sense with hideous fantasies, but convinces not my reason."

"My mind and senses keep touch and time,"

answered Rebecca, "and tell me alike that these fagots are destined to consume my earthly body, and open a painful but a brief passage to a better world."

"Dreams, Rebecca,—dreams," answered the Templar; "idle visions, rejected by the wisdom of your own wiser Sadducees. Hear me, Rebecca," he said, proceeding with animation; "a better chance hast thou for life and liberty than yonder knaves and dotard dream of. Mount thee behind me on my steed—on Zamor, the gallant horse that never failed his rider. I won him in single fight from the Soldan of Trebizond—mount, I say, behind me—in one short hour is pursuit and inquiry far behind—a new world of pleasure opens to thee—to me a new career of fame. Let them speak the doom which I despise, and erase the name of Bois-Guilbert from their list of monastic slaves! I will wash out with blood whatever blot they may dare to cast on my escutcheon."

"Tempter," said Rebecca, "begone!—Not in this last extremity canst thou move me one hair's-breadth from my resting-place—surrounded as I am by foes, I hold thee as my worst and most deadly enemy—avoid thee, in the name of God!"

Albert Malvoisin, alarmed and impatient at the duration of their conference, now advanced to interrupt it.

"Hath the maiden acknowledged her guilt?" he demanded of Bois-Guilbert; "or is she resolute in her denial?"

"She is indeed *resolute*," said Bois-Guilbert.

At this instant a knight, urging his horse to speed, appeared on the plain advancing towards the lists. A hundred voices exclaimed, "A champion! A champion!" And despite the prepossessions and prejudices of the multitude, they shouted unanimously as the knight rode into the tiltyard. The second glance, however, served to destroy the hope that his timely arrival had excited. His horse, urged for many miles to its utmost speed, appeared to reel from fatigue, and the rider, however undauntedly he presented himself in the lists, either from weakness, weariness, or both, seemed scarce able to support himself in the saddle.

To the summons of the herald, who demanded his rank, his name, and purpose, the stranger knight answered readily and boldly: "I am a good knight and noble, come hither to sustain with lance and sword the just and lawful quarrel of this damsel, Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York; to uphold the doom pronounced against her to be false and truthless, and to defy Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, as a traitor, murderer, and liar! as I will prove in this field with my body against his, by the aid of God, of Our Lady, and of Monseigneur Saint George, the good knight."

"The stranger must first show," said Malvoisin, "that he is a good knight, and of honorable lineage. The Temple sendeth not forth her champions against nameless men."

"My name," said the knight, raising his helmet, "is better known, my lineage more pure, Malvoisin, than thine own. I am Wilfred of Ivanhoe."

"I will not fight with thee at present," said the Templar, in a changed and hollow voice. "Get thy wounds healed, purvey thee a better horse, and it may be I will hold it worth my while to scourge out of thee this boyish spirit of bravado."

"Ha! proud Templar," said Ivanhoe, "hast thou forgotten that twice didst thou fall before this lance? Remember the lists at Acre—remember the passage of arms at Ashby—remember thy proud vaunt in the halls of Rotherwood, and the gage of your gold chain against my reliquary, that thou wouldst do battle with Wilfred of Ivanhoe, and recover the honor thou hadst lost! By that reliquary, and the holy relic it contains, I will proclaim thee, Templar, a coward in every court in Europe, in every Preceptory of thine Order, unless thou do battle without further delay."

Bois-Guilbert turned his countenance irresolutely towards Rebecca, and then exclaimed, looking fiercely at Ivanhoe, "Dog of a Saxon! take thy lance, and prepare for the death thou hast drawn upon thee!"

"Does the Grand Master allow me the combat?" said Ivanhoe.

"I may not deny what thou hast challenged," said the Grand Master, "provided the maiden accepts thee as her champion. Yet I would thou wert in better plight to do battle. An enemy of

our Order hast thou ever been, yet would I have thee honorably met with."

"Thus—thus as I am, and not otherwise," said Ivanhoe; "it is the judgment of God—to his keeping I commend myself.—Rebecca," said he, riding up to the fatal chair, "dost thou accept of me for thy champion?"

"I do," she said, "I do," fluttered by an emotion which the fear of death had been unable to produce, "I do accept thee as the champion whom Heaven hath sent me. Yet, no—no—thy wounds are uncured. Meet not that proud man. Why shouldst thou perish, also?"

But Ivanhoe was already at his post, and had closed his visor and assumed his lance. Bois-Guilbert did the same; and his esquire remarked, as he clasped his visor, that his face, which had, notwithstanding the variety of emotions by which he had been agitated, continued during the whole morning of an ashy paleness, was now become suddenly very much flushed.

The herald, then, seeing each champion in his place, uplifted his voice, repeating thrice—*Faites vos devoirs, preux chevaliers!* After the third cry, he withdrew to one side of the lists, and again proclaimed, that none, on peril of instant death, should dare, by word, cry, or action, to interfere with or disturb this fair field of combat. The Grand Master, who held in his hand the gage of battle, Rebecca's glove, now threw it into the lists,

and pronounced the fatal signal words, *Laissez aller*.

The trumpets sounded, and the knights charged each other in full career. The wearied horse of Ivanhoe, and its no less exhausted rider, went down, as all had expected, before the well-aimed lance and vigorous steed of the Templar. This issue of the combat all had foreseen; but although the spear of Ivanhoe did but, in comparison, touch the shield of Bois-Guilbert, that champion, to the astonishment of all who beheld it, reeled in his saddle, lost his stirrups, and fell in the lists.

Ivanhoe, extricating himself from his fallen horse, was soon on foot, hastening to mend his fortune with his sword; but his antagonist arose not. Wilfred, placing his foot on his breast, and the sword's point to his throat, commanded him to yield him, or die on the spot. Bois-Guilbert returned no answer.

"Slay him not, Sir Knight," cried the Grand Master, "unshriven and unabsolved—kill not body and soul! We allow him vanquished."

He descended into the lists, and commanded them to unhelm the conquered champion. His eyes were closed—the dark red flush was still on his brow. As they looked on him in astonishment, the eyes opened—but they were fixed and glazed. The flush passed from his brow, and gave way to the pallid hue of death. Unscathed by the lance of his enemy, he had died a victim to the violence of his own contending passions.

"This is indeed the judgment of God," said the Grand Master, looking upward—"Fiat voluntas tua!"

When the first moments of surprise were over, Wilfred of Ivanhoe demanded of the Grand Master, as judge of the field, if he had manfully and rightfully done his duty in the combat?

"Manfully and rightfully hath it been done," said the Grand Master; "I pronounce the maiden free and guiltless—The arms and the body of the deceased knight are at the will of the victor."

"I will not despoil him of his weapons," said the Knight of Ivanhoe, "nor condemn his corpse to shame—he hath fought for Christendom—God's arm, no human hand, hath this day struck him down."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

NOTES

1. *Preceptory.* *Preceptor* was the title given to a commander of the Knights Templar. Hence the word *preceptory*, a religious castle of the Templars with fortifications, a church, and other buildings. Albert Malvoisin was President, or Preceptor, of the establishment of Templestowe. Beaumanoir was the Grand Master.
2. Look up the history of the Knights Templar.
3. *Cap-a-pie.* From head to foot.
4. *Barret-cap.* A kind of head-piece worn by the knights in battle.
5. *Devoir.* Duty.
6. *Oyez, oyez, oyez.* Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye!
7. *Essoin.* Excuse for non-appearance.
8. *Our Lady.* The Virgin Mary.
9. *St. George.* Sainted champion of right by whose name the most valiant Christian knights took their holiest pledges.

10. *Acre, Ashby.* Places where, in tournament, Ivanhoe had triumphed over Bois-Guilbert.
11. *Faites vos devoirs, preux chevaliers.* Do your duty, brave knights!
12. *Laissez aller.* Let go, or *Go!*
13. *Fiat voluntas tua!* Thy will be done!
14. Look up carefully the meanings of the following words as here used: Preceptory, die, gladiatorial, hazard, tiltyard, chivalry, lists, diabolical, esquires, *cap-a-pie*, barret-cap, neophytes, partisans, amulets, bigot, devoir, appellant, impeach, escutcheon, doom, purvey, reliquary, gage, unshriven, unabsolved.

EXERCISES

1. Give a brief summary of the events leading up to the combat scene.
2. Why were so many people so anxious to look on blood and death?
3. For what was the tiltyard used?
4. Describe briefly the scene presented before the Grand Master appeared.
5. Why did the black slaves appall the multitudes?
6. What effect was produced by the tolling of the church bell?
7. Why do the Knights Templar appear with such pomp and ceremony?
8. What emotions filled the heart of Bois-Guilbert?
9. Why was he "ghastly pale"?
10. Explain "men read that in his dark features from which they willingly withdrew their eyes."
11. Why was Rebecca stripped of her ornaments and clothed in coarse white?
12. Explain "each eye wept that looked at her."
13. Why did even the most hardened bigot regret her fate?
14. Why was Rebecca thought to be "praying internally"?
15. Describe the ceremonies which precede the inquiry for Rebecca's champion.
16. Why was Bois-Guilbert so quick to move to Rebecca's side?
17. What is shown of Rebecca in her reply to the herald?
18. What solution of the difficulty does Bois-Guilbert now offer Rebecca?

19. Explain fully her "I hold thee as my worst and most deadly enemy."
20. Explain "She is indeed *resolute*."
21. Why did the crowd greet the "champion" so eagerly?
22. Why did not Bois-Guilbert desire to fight with the young knight?
23. What taunt does Ivanhoe utter?
24. What threat declared by Bois-Guilbert?
25. Explain Ivanhoe's "it is the judgment of God."
26. Why was Rebecca loath to accept Ivanhoe as her champion?
27. Describe briefly the combat.
28. Explain "he had died a victim of his own contending passions."
29. In what sense was this "the judgment of God"?
30. What shows that the Grand Master acquiesced in the decision?
31. Explain "God's arm, no human hand, hath this day struck him down."
32. What was the final verdict of the Grand Master?
33. What are the strongest points in the character of Rebecca?
In the character of Ivanhoe?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

- SCOTT: *Ivanhoe*. *Kenilworth*. *The Talisman*.
- ROLFE: *Tales of Chivalry and the Olden Times*.
- READE: *Cloister and Hearth*.
- BROWNING: *Count Gismond*. *Hervé Riel*.
- PORTER: *Scottish Chiefs*.
- GILDER: *The Parting of the Ways*.
- LOWELL: *Vision of Sir Launfal*.
- TENNYSON: *Sir Galahad*. *The Lady of Shalott*. *Idylls of the King*. *Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead*.
- BROWNING: *Incident of a French Camp*.
- HALLECK: *Marco Bozzaris*.
- WILSON: *Such is the Death the Soldier Dies*.
- HUNT: *The Glove and the Lions*.
- E. S. BROOKS: *Chivalric Days*.
- CHURCH: *Heroes of Chivalry and Romance*.
- LANIER: *The Boys' King Arthur*.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

NATIONS, like individuals, have to work out their larger destinies. Every individual has a special work to do and so with every nation. All nations have tried to solve their problems, and in most instances have failed because of narrow vision or because of selfishness.

In this poem the author looks upon America as the great Giant of the West unhindered by past mistakes, blessed with heaven's mercies and free to work out its larger destiny. He imagines that the nation is like a young Hercules coming to its age of responsibility where the paths divide. One path leads to heights sublime, and the other leads downward where only wrecks may be found. The nation must choose what path it shall follow; whether to oppress or to befriend the weak, whether to seek empty honor merely, or whether to work out its larger mission of service to mankind. The prayer of the poet is that this nation may choose the nobler part, and that it may work out its destiny by being "god-like in the will to serve." This poem was written just at the time when the United States was hesitating whether or not to push out on a larger policy of territorial expansion. The poet seems

to feel that true national greatness lies not merely in extent of territory, but in the spirit in which our country performs its work among the nations of earth.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS*

Untrammelled Giant of the West,
With all of Nature's gifts endowed,
With all of Heaven's mercies blessed,
Nor of thy power unduly proud—
Peerless in courage, force, and skill,
And godlike in thy strength of will,—

Before thy feet the ways divide:
One path leads up to heights sublime;
Downward the other slopes, where bide
The refuse and the wrecks of Time.
Choose, then, nor falter at the start,
O choose the nobler path and part!

Be thou the guardian of the weak,
Of the unfriended, thou the friend;
No guerdon for thy valor seek,
No end beyond the avowed end.
Wouldst thou thy godlike power preserve,
Be godlike in the will to serve!

—*Joseph B. Gilder.*

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NOTES

1. Look up the life of Joseph B. Gilder.
2. Look up the history of this government at the time of the war with Spain.
3. *Guerdon* (gēr'-dūn). Reward.
4. Read carefully "The Choice of Hercules."
5. Look up the meanings of the following words and expressions:
untrammelled, endowed, unduly proud, peerless, sublime,
refuse, falter, guardian, guerdon, valor, avowed.

EXERCISES

1. With what thought in mind did the poet write this poem?
2. Why does he speak of the country as the "Giant of the West"?
3. Why untrammelled?
4. How endowed with all of nature's gifts?
5. How blessed with all of heaven's mercies?
6. What is the best thing he says about the country in the first stanza?
7. How does he show that the country has reached a crisis in its progress?
8. What two paths opened before it?
9. How does the poet desire the country to choose?
10. Explain "No guerdon for thy valor seek."
11. What is the "avowed end"?
12. How can the country preserve its godlike power?
13. Explain fully the meaning of the last line.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

KIPLING: The Recessional. If—.

The Choice of Hercules.

SILL: Opportunity.

INGALLS: Opportunity.

WHITTIER: The Lost Occasion. Centennial Hymn.

RUSKIN: The Dawn of Peace.

HOLMES: The Chambered Nautilus.

LONGFELLOW: Excelsior.

ARNOLD: Self-Dependence.

OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

THIS poem has been cherished by many because it was the favorite poem of Abraham Lincoln. It is said that he recited it to members of his cabinet in the darkest days of the Civil War. He was heard many times to quote from the poem or to refer to it. It seemed to be a part of him. When one studies the poem, he does not wonder that so serious-minded a man as Lincoln loved it. A strain of lofty seriousness pervades the poem, and "we, things that are now" are called from pride to humility of spirit. Some have thought the poem to be especially sad because it tells of the many who "Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust" and reminds us that the life of each is fleeting—the mere "wink of an eye."

Those who knew Lincoln best felt that, underneath the strain of sadness, he caught one clear note of joy in the thought that even a brief life could be lived seriously and filled with deeds of unselfish service.

OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL
BE PROUD?

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
As the young and the old, the low and the high,
Shall crumble to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The father that mother and infant who blessed,—
Each, all, are away to that dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose brow, on whose cheek, in
 whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;
And alike from the minds of the living erased
Are the memories of mortals who loved her and
 praised.

The head of the king, that the scepter hath borne;
The brow of the priest, that the miter hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,—
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up
 the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his
 bread,—
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of
 Heaven;
The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,—
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we see the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did
 think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers did
 shrink;
To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling,
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved,—but the story we can not unfold;
They scorned,—but the heart of the haughty is
cold;

They grieved,—but no wail from their slumbers
will come;

They joyed,—but the tongue of their gladness is
dumb.

They died,—ah! they died,—we, things that are
now,

That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage,
road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain:
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the
dirge,

Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of
death,

From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

—*William Knor.*

NOTES

1. Read Lincoln's Gettysburg Address to find what lesson the living should learn from the deeds of heroic dead.
2. Compare this poem with "Thanatopsis," "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," and Psalms xc and ciii.

3. *Triumphs are by.* Triumphs are past.
4. *Gilded saloon.* An elegant reception hall.
5. Look up carefully the following words and expressions:
spirit, mortal, meteor, crumble, affection, blessed, triumphs,
erased, scepter, miter, sage, peasant, saint, communion, mul-
titude, withers, view, scorned, grieved, wail, turf, transient
abode, pilgrimage road, dirge, surge, draught, gilded
saloon, bier.

EXERCISES

1. How did Abraham Lincoln regard this poem?
2. To what is the life of man likened in the first stanza?
3. Why is death spoken of as "rest" in comparison with life?
4. With what are "the young and the old, the low and the high" compared in the second stanza?
5. Why does the author name in detail those who have passed away?
6. What expressions does he use to indicate death?
7. To what is the multitude of mortals compared in stanza 8?
8. Explain "repeat every tale that has often been told."
9. In what sense are we "the same our fathers have been"?
10. Why are mortals spoken of as "things that are now"?
11. In what sense do we "make in their dwelling a transient abode"?
12. What expressions are used to indicate the brevity of life?
13. What note of comfort is there in the poem?
14. In what respect is the opening question of the poem different from the closing question?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BRYANT: *Thanatopsis*.

GRAY: *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*.

Psalms xc and ciii.

BROWNING: *The Patriot*. *Prospice*.

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*.

LONGFELLOW: *The Reaper and the Flowers*.

LOWELL: *The Changeling*.

STEPHEN HENRY THAYER: *The Waiting Choir*.

POE: *The Raven*.

WORDSWORTH: Intimations on Immortality.

EDWIN ARNOLD: After Death.

LINCOLN: Gettysburg Address.

MCCREERY: There Is No Death.

SILL: The Future.

STODDARD: The Soul's Defiance.

UNWEAPONED PEACE

There is a story told
 In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow cold,
 And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit
 With grave responses listening unto it:
 Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
 Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
 Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
 Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.
 "O Son of peace!" the giant cried, "thy fate
 Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate."
 The unarmed Buddha, looking, with no trace
 Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,

In pity said: "Poor fiend, even thee I love."
 Lo! as he spake, the sky-tall terror sank
 To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence shrank

Into the form and fashion of a dove;
 And where the thunder of its rage was heard,
 Circling above him sweetly sang the bird;
 "Hate hath no harm for love"—so ran the song;
 "And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong."

—Anonymous.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS

AMERICANS of to-day are likely to think that the fathers were a unit as to declaring their independence of Great Britain. As a matter of fact, it was only after long deliberation and strenuous debate, for and against, that the vote was favorable.

Thomas Jefferson, the author of the famous document, was not a ready talker and debater. He, however, found a worthy assistant in John Adams, whose splendid abilities along these lines made his efforts so powerful that he received the significant nickname of "The Colossus of Independence."

The following extract is taken from the address of Daniel Webster, August 2, 1826, in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on the occasion of a public memorial meeting in honor of Adams and Jefferson who had both passed away on July 4 of the same year. It was a remarkable coincidence that both these great leaders died on the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

In this extract, Webster gives what he imagines Adams might have said to those who opposed the signing of that immortal document.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS

“Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there’s a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence do we mean to carry on, or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and

our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defense of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

“The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us

has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why, then, why, then, sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

“If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously, through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from

its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit, religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

"Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

"But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When

we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I begun, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, independence, *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER.”—*Daniel Webster*.

NOTES

1. John Hancock presided over the meeting and the “venerable colleague near you” was Samuel Adams. Each of these men had been declared outlaws and a price had been set upon their heads. Read in any good history the story of the Declaration of Independence.
2. Make yourself familiar with the biography of Jefferson and John Adams.
3. Define, as used here: reconciliation, colleague, proscribed, predestined, clemency, plighting, controversy, fickle, eradicated, real, ignominiously, compensate, chartered immunities.

EXERCISES

1. Who may “sink or swim,” “live or die,” etc.?
2. To what vote does he give his heart and hand?
3. Whom does he quote when he says, “There is a divinity which shapes our ends”?

4. What was the effect of calling attention to the outlawing of Adams and Hancock?
5. What is the second argument against longer deferring the declaration?
6. To what does he next call attention?
7. From what book does he take many of his expressions?
8. How would he regard any one who forgets the pledge to Washington?
9. What argument does he next urge for the declaration?
10. What does he next proceed to do?
11. What means does he employ to strengthen the faint heart?
12. Where does the peroration begin?
13. Why does he make the frequent appeals to God in the closing paragraph?
14. Find as many things as you can that make this an oration that will convince.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

WEBSTER: Bunker Hill Oration. Reply to Hayne.

PIERPONT: Warren's Address at Bunker Hill.

LONGFELLOW: Paul Revere's Ride.

EMERSON: Concord Hymn.

SCOTT: Patriotism.

LOWELL: Centennial Hymn.

READ: The Rising in 1776. Our Defenders.

BRYANT: Our Country's Call. Seventy-Six.

WALLACE: The Sword of Bunker Hill.

The Declaration of Independence.

PATRICK HENRY: A Call to Arms.

MCMASTER: The Old Continentals.

WHITTIER: Abraham Davenport.

DIXIE

EVERY pupil in our schools should know the most popular of the songs of the South, the South's greatest folk-lore piece. The movement recently begun at Memphis to erect a monument to the author of "Dixie" has created a new interest in the song and in its origin. Daniel Decatur Emmett was born near Mt. Vernon, Ohio, October 29, 1815. He left home in early manhood and spent the most of his years between the ages of twenty and forty in the South, visiting New York for a few weeks each summer. By profession, he was a wandering minstrel, traveling all over the United States, making and singing his own songs everywhere he went. On the death of his parents, he returned to live in the little homestead he had inherited. For many years later he lived in Chicago. When too old to follow his chosen work, he retired to the little Mt. Vernon homestead where he eked out a miserable existence, poor and practically forsaken, until his death in 1904. Only his nearest neighbors knew that the forsaken old man was the author of the immortal "Dixie."

The circumstances attending the composition of the song are interestingly told by Mr. Edward

Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, in an article written in 1895 and first published in the *Pittsburg Dispatch*. He says:

“‘Dixie Land,’ which is really the proper name of the song, was written by Emmett in 1859, while he was a member of the celebrated ‘Bryant’s Minstrels,’ which then held forth at No. 472 Broadway, in New York City. . . . One Saturday night after a performance, Emmett left the hall and was proceeding homeward when he was overtaken by Jerry Bryant and asked to make a ‘hooray’ and bring it to the rehearsal Monday morning. . . . He composed the ‘walk-around’ next day, Sunday, and took it to the rehearsal Monday morning, music and words complete. The tune and words of ‘Dixie’ as now sung are Mr. Emmett’s, exactly as he wrote them.”

This is in substance the story told by the author in declining years when his memory was failing. He insisted, however, that he had played the air on a Southern tour nearly a year before the New York incident. Professor Herman Arnold, an eminent musician, formerly of Montgomery, Alabama, now of Memphis, declares that Emmett came to Montgomery in January, 1859, and played and sang “Dixie.” Professor Arnold was so taken with the melody that he requested

a copy of the music, but as Emmett declared no copy had been made, the Professor transcribed the music as the author played the air on his violin. Professor Arnold has the original score and has offered to present it to the Tennessee Historical Society.

Whatever may be the true story of its origin, it spread like wildfire and became a general favorite as rapidly as minstrel troupes could bring it to the people. Mr. Bok further says:

“It is interesting to know how ‘Dixie’ became a Southern war-song. A spectacular performance was being given in New Orleans late in the fall of 1860. Each part had been filled; all that was lacking was a national march and song for the grand chorus, a part the leader had omitted until the very last moment. A great many marches and songs were tried, but none could be decided upon. ‘Dixie’ was suggested and tried, and all were so enthusiastic over it that it was at once adopted and given in the performance. Immediately it was taken up by the populace, and sung in the streets, in homes and concert halls daily. It was taken to the battlefields and there established as the Southern Confederacy war song.”

President Lincoln was the most distinguished contemporary admirer of the catchy tune.

Shortly after the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, he requested the band to play "Dixie," remarking pleasantly that "As we have captured the Confederate army, we have also captured the Confederate tune, and both belong to us." From that day to this "Dixie" has been a general favorite. "Its beginning was in the minstrel show, it was dedicated as a battle song in the great uprising of the South, and in its last estate it has a place among the enduring music of the Union."

It has been conjectured generally that "Dixie" is the diminutive form of "Dixon" and that "Dixie Land" is therefore the country south of Mason and Dixon's line, a line fixed in 1763-'67 by the British Government as the boundary line between Maryland and Pennsylvania, later made famous as the boundary line between the free and the slave states.

The song as originally written and kept as the only authentic version of "Dixie" is as follows.

DIXIE

I wish I was in de land ob cotton, old times dar
are not forgotten;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
In Dixie land whar I was born in, early on one
frosty mornin';

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

CHORUS

Den I wish I was in Dixie, hooray! hooray!
In Dixie's land I'll took my stand, to lib and die
in Dixie.

Away, away, away down south in Dixie!
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!

Ole missus marry "Will-de-Weaber;" Willum was
a gay deceaber;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
But when he put his arm around her, he smiled
as fierce as a forty-pounder;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber, but dat
did not seem to greab her;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
Ole missus acted the foolish part, and died for a
man dat broke her heart;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

Now here's health to the next ole missus, an' all
de gals dat want to kiss us;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow, come an'
hear dis song to-morrow;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Injun batter, makes
you fat or a little fatter;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble, to
Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
—*Daniel Decatur Emmett.*

EXERCISES

1. Give the probable origin of the term "Dixie."
2. For what purpose was the song originally written?
3. Explain, then, the appropriateness of the line beginning, "But if you want to drive 'way sorrow."
4. What is the one central wish expressed in the poem?
5. At what season would such a wish be expressed generally by traveling minstrel troupes?
6. What in the song fitted it to become a favorite in army camps?
7. What in the song caused it to be a favorite in the South?
8. What sentiment in the song makes it a universal favorite?
9. Have the music played. Have the school sing the song. What in the music makes the song generally loved?
10. Give a brief sketch of the author's career. What has recently brought his name into public notice?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

Maryland, My Maryland.

Bonnie Blue Flag.

PAYNE: Home, Sweet Home.

Old Kentucky Home.

When Johnnie Comes Marching Home.

Other versions of Dixie.

Other songs of the nation.

There is so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us,
That it ill behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT

NO singer has surpassed Robert Burns in warmth and tenderness of appeal to the human heart. The Scottish Bard lived and loved intensely. He endured failure and success, pain and pleasure, with the same tenderness and love for his fellow man. He suffered from extreme want, yet was feasted by lords and kings. He was born in a rude cottage of clay, but he was courted and caressed by the witty, the fashionable, and the learned in Scotland's capital. In fact, he knew every rank of life from the lowest to the highest. He knew the best and the worst in the human heart. Hence a spirit of "homey" tenderness and sympathy pervaded all he wrote. As he neared the close of his short life of thirty-seven years, he was in a position to discern the true values in life. In this poem, he utters the prayer that sense and worth and true manhood may ultimately prevail over lower standards of wealth and rank, so

"That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that."

Concerning this song, Burns wrote to a friend:
"A great critic (Aikin) on songs says that love

and wine are the exclusive themes for song-writing. The following is on neither subject, and consequently is no song; but will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts converted into rhyme."

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT

Is there for honest poverty

Wha hangs his head, and a' that?

The coward slave, we pass him by,

We dare be poor for a' that!

For a' that, and a' that,

Our toil's obscure, and a' that;

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,

The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,

Wear hodden-gray, and a' that;

Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,

A man's a man for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,

Their tinsel show, and a' that;

The honest man, though e'er sae poor,

Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,

Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;

Tho' hundreds worship at his word,

He's but a coof for a' that;

For a' that, and a' that,

His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

—*Robert Burns.*

NOTES

1. Read Burns' "The Cotter's Saturday Night" for a true picture of simple but pure home life among the peasants of his day.
2. Make a list of the things by which men are judged to-day.
3. *Gowd.* Gold.
4. *Hamely.* Homely.
5. *Hodden-grey.* Coarse woolen cloth worn by the poorer classes.
6. *Gie.* Give.
7. *Birkie.* A forward, conceited fellow.

8. *Wha.* Who.
9. *Coof.* Blockhead, fool.
10. *Aboon.* Above.
11. *He mauna fa' that.* He must not try that.
12. *Bear the gree.* Be victorious. *Gree* is a prize.
13. In addition to learning the meanings of the foregoing words, be prepared to give the meanings of the following: honest poverty, guinea's stamp, tinsel show, riband, star, marquis, duke, guid faith, dignities, sense, worth.

EXERCISES

1. How does Burns regard one who is ashamed of honest poverty?
2. How does he regard rank? What relation has rank to the man himself?
3. In what sense is the honest man "king o' men"?
4. How can such a poor man be a king?
5. How does Burns characterize the Scottish lord of his day?
6. Why call the lord a "coof" when hundreds worship at his word?
7. How does the independent thinker regard rank and title?
8. What power is a prince acknowledged to possess? What is beyond his power?
9. Explain "pith o' sense," "pride o' worth."
10. In what sense are these higher ranks than those of knight, marquis, or duke?
11. What is the real burden of Burns' prayer?
12. What shows that he is certain his prayer will be answered?
13. What truth of life does Burns set forth?
14. What in his own life fitted him to discover and to reveal this truth?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

BURNS: The Cotter's Saturday Night. To a Mouse. To a Mountain Daisy. Address to the Unco Guid. Tam O'Shanter. Auld Lang Syne.

HOLLAND: God Give Us Men.

BRIDGES: Life's Mirror.

WALTER: My Creed.

The Greatness of Dan'l Gregg.

HUNT: Abou Ben Adhem.

NICOLL: The Hero.

JONES: What Constitutes a State?

PHOEBE CARY: A Leak in the Dyke.

BROWNING: The Patriot.

SMITH: The Self Exiled.

ELIOT: The Choir Invisible.

PIATT: The Gift of Empty Hands.

RUSKIN: The Dawn of Peace.

GOLDSMITH: The Deserted Village.

LO, THE POOR INDIAN!

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind;
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or Milky Way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world, in depths of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christian thirsts for gold;
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

—*Alexander Pope.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER

THE following beautiful version of this prayer was found at Corinth, Mississippi, by A. P. Green, of Auburn, Indiana, on the morning of May 30, 1862, just as the Confederate forces evacuated the city. These lines were printed on very heavy satin bearing the date July 4, 1823:

Thou to the Mercy Seat our souls .
 dost gather, .
To do our duty unto Thee.....Our father
To whom all praise, all honor, should
 be given,
For Thou art the Great God.....who art in heaven,
Thou, by Thy wisdom, rul'st the
 world's wide fame;
Forever, thereforehallowed be Thy name.
Let nevermore delays divide us from
Thy glorious grace, but may.....Thy kingdom come.
Let Thy commands opposéd be by
 none
But Thy good pleasure and.....Thy will be done
And let our promptness to obey be
 even
The very same.....on earth, as 'tis in heaven.
Then, for our souls, O Lord, we also
 pray,
Thou wouldst be pleased to.....Give us this day
The food of life, wherewith our souls
 are fed,
Sufficient raiment and.....our daily bread,

With every needful thing do Thou
relieve us,
And of Thy mercy, pity.....and forgive us
All our misdeeds, for Him, whom
Thou didst please
To make an offering for.....our trespasses,
And, forasmuch, O Lord, as we be-
lieve
That Thou wilt pardon us.....as we forgive
Let that love teach, wherewith
Thou dost acquaint us,
To pardon all.....those who trespass against us,
And though, sometimes, Thou findest
we have forgot
This love for Thee, yet help.....and lead us not
Through soul or body want, to
desperation,
Nor let earth's gain drive us.....into temptation,
Let not the soul of any true believer
Fall in the time of trial.....but deliver
Yea, save them from the malice of
the devil,
And, both in life and death, keep us from evil,
Thus pray we, Lord, for that of
Thee, from whom
This may be had.....for Thine is the kingdom,
This world is of Thy work, its
wondrous story
To Thee belongs.....the power, and the glory
And all Thy wondrous works
have ended never,
But will remain forever andforever.
Thee, we poor creatures would con-
fess again,
And thus would say eternally.....Amen.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

ACCORDING to friends of James Russell Lowell, *The Vision of Sir Launfal* was composed in forty-eight hours under a "spell of poetic transport." The poem was written in 1848, published in a thin hand-book, and at once sprang wildly into popular favor. This was a day of fierce opposition to slavery. Lowell's soul burned with zeal for reform. In a letter to a friend, in 1846, he said,

"Then it seems as if my heart would break in pouring out one glorious song that should be the gospel of reform. . . That way my madness lies, if any."

The study of the poem is simplified by noticing the story within the story. The primary story deals with the real Sir Launfal who, in a night, dreams the secondary story, the Vision proper. The primary story covers but a night. The secondary story covers a lifetime in which the imaginary Sir Launfal, through wanderings, deprivations, and untold sufferings, experiences a refinement of soul that fits him to reflect the spirit of the lowly Nazarene.

The following note was prefixed to the first

edition by the author, and was retained by him in all subsequent editions:

“According to the mythology of the Roman-cers, the San Greal, or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus Christ partook of the last supper with his disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration for many years, in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word, and deed; but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favorite enterprise of the knights of Arthur’s court to go in search of it. Sir Galahad was at last successful in finding it, as may be read in the seventeenth book of the Romance of King Arthur. Tennyson has made Sir Galahad the subject of one of the most exquisite of his poems.”

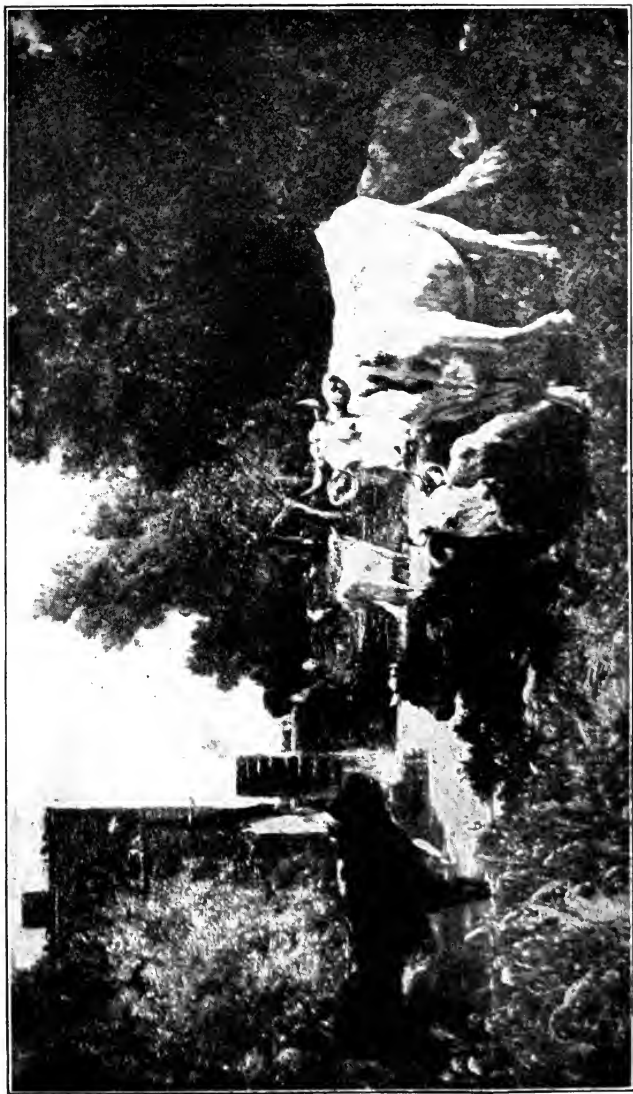
THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

PART FIRST

PRELUDE

Over his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,¹

¹*List.* Please, as in the Biblical statement, “The wind bloweth where it *listeth*.”



THE MILL—Van Marcke

And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his
lay;²
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his
theme,³
First guessed by faint auroral flushes⁴ sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;⁵
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb⁶ and know it not.
Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood⁷

²*Lay*. Song—here meaning simply a musical composition.

³*Theme*. The subject or the simple tune of a piece of music.

⁴*Auroral Flushes*. Flushes like the faint pink that appears in the sky just before the dawn of day.

⁵*Stanza 2*. The first two lines of the stanza are directly suggested by the statement in William Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*,

“Heaven lies about us in our infancy.”

Lowell believes, on the other hand, that heaven lies about us not only in our infancy, but throughout our lives.

⁶*We Sinais climb*. Sinai was the mountain upon which, as told in the Book of Exodus, the Lord descended to speak with Moses and gave him the Tables of the Testimony. See Exodus 19 and 24. Lowell means that we daily reach points from which we can come into close communion with God.

⁷*Druid wood*. The Druids were the ministers of the mysterious pagan religion of the Celts. Many of their rites were performed in oak woods.

Waits with its benedicite;⁸
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.
Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives
us,⁹

We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the Devil's booth¹⁰ are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells¹¹ our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer,
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;

⁸*Benedicite*. The Latin imperative meaning "Bless ye." It is common in the Latin translation of the Bible, and is the regular title of the beautiful hymn beginning, "O ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord."

⁹*Shrives*. Pronounces absolution.

¹⁰*Devil's booth*. The world, as used in such a phrase as "the world, the flesh, and the devil"; the world of purely material enjoyment.

¹¹*Cap and bells*. Part of the costume regularly worn by court fools, or jesters, in the Middle Ages. The cap and bells are mentioned as typical of what is absolutely frivolous and unenduring.

Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;¹²
The flush of life may well be seen
 Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
 The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,¹³
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
 To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
 Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
 With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and
 sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice¹⁴ ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away

¹²*Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.* As a man, however unlovely his outer appearance, may have a beautiful soul, so the ugly clod of earth is spoken of as having the beautiful grass and flowers for its soul.

¹³*Chalice.* A cup—especially the cup used in celebrating the Holy Communion. The reference here is to the shape of the buttercup.

¹⁴*Nice.* Here used in its proper meaning of exact, accurate.

Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
 Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help know-
 ing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear
That dandelions are blossoming near,
 That maize has sprouted, that streams are
 flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers¹⁵ we should not lack;
 We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,¹⁶
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
 Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
 Everything is upward striving;

¹⁵*Couriers*. Messengers.

¹⁶*Chanticleer*. The cock. The name was first applied to the cock in a famous mediaeval romance. It means literally, "clear singer."

'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—

'Tis the natural way of living:

Who knows whither the clouds have fled?

In the unscarred heaven¹⁷ they leave no wake;¹⁸
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,

The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;

The soul partakes the season's youth,

And the sulphurous¹⁹ rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,

Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

What wonder if Sir Launfal now

Remembered the keeping of his vow?

PART FIRST

I

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail;²⁰
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;

¹⁷*The unscarred heaven.* The clear sky, unmarked by clouds.

¹⁸*They leave no wake.* They leave no trace. The wake is the track left by a ship passing through the water.

¹⁹*Sulphurous.* Burning.

²⁰*The Holy Grail.* According to the Legend, the Holy Grail was the cup from which Christ drank at the Last Supper and in which his blood was caught at the Crucifixion by St. Joseph

Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."

Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

II

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees:
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost²¹ of winter, dull and gray;
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,²²
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;

of Arimathea. About this vessel was built a great romance, in which many knights vowed to go in quest of the Grail, but few attained their object, as absolute purity of heart was the requisite. The story told by Lowell in this poem is widely different from any versions of the old legend, but keeps the quest of the Grail as a type of the search for the highest things of life.

²¹*Outpost*. A station beyond the limits of a camp, or away from the main body of an army.

²²*North Countree*. The northern border of England. Notice that "Countree" is accented on the second syllable; this is common in the ballads of northern England and southern Scotland. Some who fancy this poem relates to slavery regard the "North Countree" as referring to the North.

She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though round it for leagues her pavilions²³ tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight;
Green and broad was every tent,
And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

III

The drawbridge²⁴ dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,²⁵
In his gilded mail,²⁶ that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
Had cast them forth: so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

²³*Pavilions.* Tents set up for the accommodation of knights when a tournament was in progress. Here the reference is to the trees, which are spoken of as tents later in the stanza.

²⁴*Drawbridge.* Mediaeval castles were surrounded by moats, or wide trenches filled with water. At the entrance to a castle, there was across the moat a bridge, which could be drawn up against the door of the castle, thus preventing the entrance of enemies.

²⁵*Maiden knight.* This term means a knight who has not yet won his spurs by performing some great deed of bravery.

²⁶*Mail.* The metal armor worn by a knight.

IV

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
And gloomed by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

V

As Sir Launfal made morn²⁷ through the dark-
some gate,
He was 'ware of a leper,²⁸ crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armor did shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap²⁹ his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

²⁷*Made morn.* In his bright armor and his youth, Sir Launfal stood out, against the darkness of the castle, as an image of morning.

²⁸*Leper.* One afflicted with leprosy, a most loathsome disease.

²⁹*Midway its leap.* In the midst of the heart beat.

VI

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives only the worthless gold

Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,

That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty³⁰
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

PART SECOND

PRELUDE

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain
peak,

From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold³¹ and hilltop bleak

It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;

³⁰*All-sustaining Beauty.* Beauty brings all nature into unity.
God is manifest in nature by means of its beauty.

³¹*Wold.* A plain; open country.

The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches³² and matched his beams;³³
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars:
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,³⁴
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit³⁵ a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork³⁶ knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief³⁷
With quaint arabesques³⁸ of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear

³²*Groined his arches.* Caused his arches to intersect.

³³*Matched his beams.* Another figure taken from architecture. He placed in their appropriate places the beams used in his building.

³⁴*Forest-crypt.* A crypt is an underground vault. A forest-crypt would consist of trees, the branches of which would meet overhead.

³⁵*Counterfeit.* Produce the impression of.

³⁶*Fretwork.* Carved or open work in ornamental design.

³⁷*Relief.* The projection of carving on wood, or similar work, from the plane surface.

³⁸*Arabesques.* Designs fancifully arranged, representing plants, animals, etc. In this style of work, the objects are put together without reference to the way in which they actually appear in nature; animals, for instance, being represented as growing out of plants.

For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and
here

He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystallised the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:

No mortal builder's most rare device³⁹
Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,

Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas grow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel⁴⁰ and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's⁴¹ roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
And belly⁴² and tug as a flag in the wind;

³⁹Catherine II, Empress of Russia, built a magnificent ice-palace just to satisfy a freakish whim. Cowper has given a poetical description of it in *The Task*, Book V, lines 131-176.

⁴⁰*Corbel*. A stone bracket used in Gothic architecture for supporting purposes.

⁴¹*Yule-log*. The great block of wood that formed the basis of the Christmas fire. The use of the Yule-log is an old pagan custom, which originated in festal honors paid to the god Thor.

⁴²*Belly*. Bulge out.

Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.
But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings,
Singing, in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"

The voice of the seneschal⁴³ flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,
Through the window-slits of the castle old,
Built out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

PART SECOND

I

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,

⁴³*Seneschal*. Pronounced sēn'-es-shāl. A superintendent of feasts and other domestic affairs in a mediaeval castle.

For the weaver Winter its shroud⁴⁴ had spun;
A single crow on the treetop bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she⁴⁵ rose up decrepitly⁴⁶
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

II

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom⁴⁷ sate;⁴⁸
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of⁴⁹ his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat⁵⁰ was blazoned⁵¹ the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

⁴⁴*Shroud.* The sheet formerly used for wrapping a dead body. The reference here is to the ice on the river.

⁴⁵*She.* The antecedent is "morning."

⁴⁶*Decrepitly.* Weakened by age.

⁴⁷*Earldom.* One's seat as an earl, including, of course, title and possessions. "Earl" is a title of nobility.

⁴⁸*Sate.* An old form of "sat."

⁴⁹*Recked of.* Cared for.

⁵⁰*Surcoat.* Outer coat.

⁵¹*Blazoned.* Displayed as a heraldic device. In the Middle Ages knights wore numerous symbolic devices, the system being known as heraldry.

III

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed⁵² air,
For it was just at the Christmas time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago;
He sees the snake-like caravan⁵³ crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.⁵⁴

IV

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms;"
The happy camels may reach the spring;
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome⁵⁵ thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanchèd bone,

⁵²*Barbed.* Sharp, as if having points. The word is most common in the expression, "barbed wire."

⁵³*Caravan.* A procession, usually of camels laden with various kinds of burden.

⁵⁴*Signal of palms.* In the desert there are little spots, called oases, where there are springs of water surrounded by grass and palm trees. The palm trees, tall and dark, can be seen a long distance, and form a signal, or sign, of the nearness of water.

⁵⁵*Grewsome.* Horrible, causing one to shudder.

That cowered beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

V

And Sir Launfal said, "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world's buffets⁵⁶ and scorns,
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son,⁵⁷ acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

VI

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt⁵⁸ his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink,

⁵⁶*Buffets.* Blows.

⁵⁷*Mild Mary's Son.* Jesus the Christ, born of the Virgin Mary. "Mild" is an adjective that has been frequently applied to the Mother of Christ.

⁵⁸*Girt.* Girded.

'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty
soul.

VII

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,⁵⁹—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.⁶⁰

VIII

His words were shed softer than leaves from the
pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the
brine,⁶¹
That mingle their softness and quiet in one

⁵⁹*The Beautiful Gate.* One of the gates of the Temple at Jerusalem bore the name "Beautiful." It was at this gate that St. Peter healed the lame man, as recorded in Acts iii, 1-11. In St. John x. 7, Christ refers to himself as the Door.

⁶⁰*The temple of God in Man.* The temple of Christ, who, though God, was made man in his earthly birth of the Virgin Mary.

⁶¹*The brine.* The ocean—so-called because sea water is exceedingly salty.

With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was softer than silence said,
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper⁶² is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

IX

Sir Launfal woke as from a swoond:⁶³
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail⁶⁴
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

⁶²*The Holy Supper.* The Lord's Supper, or Holy Communion.

⁶³*Swoond.* Swoon; a spell of unconsciousness.

⁶⁴*Stronger mail.* The armor to be worn by the Christian, as described in Ephesians vi. 11-17.

X

The castle gate stands open now,
 And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
 As the hangbird⁶⁵ is to the elm-tree bough;
 No longer scowl the turrets⁶⁶ tall,
 The Summer's long siege at last is o'er;
 When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
 She entered with him in disguise,
 And mastered the fortress by surprise;
 There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
 She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;
 The meanest serf⁶⁷ on Sir Launfal's land
 Has hall⁶⁸ and bower⁶⁹ at his command;
 And there's no poor man in the North Countree
 But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

—James Russell Lowell.

EXERCISES

PRELUDE TO PART FIRST

Words and Expressions for Study: musing organist, list, lay, fervor, theme, faint auroral flushes, wavering vista, eringe, Sinais, fallen and traitor lives, druid wood, benedicite, shrives, Devil's booth, dross, cap and bells, bubbles, a whole soul's tasking, climbs to a Soul, chalice, chanticleer, unscarred heaven, sulphurous rifts, burnt-out craters.

1. What is suggested by the word "Vision"?

⁶⁵*Hangbird.* The Baltimore oriole, which, like some other birds, builds a nest that hangs from the bough of a tree.

⁶⁶*Turrets.* Small towers.

⁶⁷*Serf.* In the Middle Ages, a member of the lowest class of servants, who were sold with the land. The *meanest serf* is the one lowest in rank.

⁶⁸*Hall.* The great public room of a mediaeval castle.

⁶⁹*Bower.* A chamber.

2. Tell the story of the Holy Grail.
3. What is a prelude?
4. What, in the second stanza, has Lowell added to Wordsworth's "Heaven lies about us in our infancy"?
5. Explain "We Sinais climb and know it not."
6. What five influences plead with each individual to be his best?
7. What is the meaning of the general statement in line 21?
8. According to Lowell, how many things have to be paid for?
9. Explain "For a cap and bells our lives we pay."
10. What, then, is the meaning of "'Tis heaven alone that is given away"?
11. Memorize lines 33-42 and 80-85.
12. What central thought connects the stanzas of the prelude?
13. Why does Sir Launfal now remember the keeping of his vow?
14. What is his vow?

PART FIRST

Words and Expressions for Study: richest mail, rushes, high degree, besieged, churlish stone, pavilions tall, tent, draw-bridge, surly clang, charger, maiden knight, unscarred mail, rebuffed, loathing, alms, all-sustaining Beauty.

15. What now makes us feel that he is going to keep his vow?
16. What is the vision that flew into his soul as he slept on the rushes?
17. Describe the landscape around "the proudest hall in the North Countree."
18. Select the passages which tell us the character of the young knight as he sets out.
19. Explain "the maiden knight."
20. Explain "made morn through the darksome gate."
21. Just what tells you the condition of the leper?
22. How did the appearance of the leper affect Sir Launfal?
23. What is shown of Sir Launfal in that "he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn"?
24. Why did not the leper raise the gold from the dust?
25. Give in your own words the substance of the leper's thought, lines 160-173.

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND

Words and Expressions for Study: wold, groined, matched his beams, crystal spars, frost-leaved forest-crypt, steel-stemmed, counterfeit, fretwork, arabesques, crystallised the beams, fairy masonry, elfin builders, corbel, Yule-log, flame-pennons, belly and tug, soot-forest's tangled darks, senechal; piers of ruddy light.

26. Why does Lowell choose a winter scene for the Prelude to Part Second?
27. What time has elapsed between the two parts of the poem?
28. Contrast winter here with June in the Prelude to Part First.
29. By what sharp contrasts is the desolate condition of the wanderer shown?
30. Contrast the Sir Launfal at starting with the Sir Launfal pictured to us in this Prelude.
31. What "Christmas Carol" did the icy wind sing him?

PART SECOND

Words and Expressions for Study: rattled shudderingly, sapless, decrepity, earldom, recked, surcoat, blazoned the cross, sign, idle mail, snake-like caravan, slender necklace of grass, waved its signal of palms, grewsome, rain-blanchèd bone, tree, buffets, ashes and dust, Beautiful Gate, shaggy unrest, Holy Supper.

32. Describe Sir Launfal as pictured to us in stanza 2.
33. What interrupted Sir Launfal's musings?
34. What shows to us the desolate horror of the leper's disease?
35. What change has come over Sir Launfal?
36. What causes Sir Launfal to see in the leper "an image of Him who died on the tree"?
37. How did Sir Launfal *keep* the Holy Supper?
38. Explain stanza 7.
39. What did Sir Launfal learn from his vision?
40. What proof that he learned the lesson?
41. How may each one learn the same lesson without going on a pilgrimage?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

LOWELL: The Search. The Present Crisis. Stanzas on Freedom.
Yussouf.

WHITTIER: The Brother of Mercy. The Eternal Goodness. Laus
Deo.

TENNYSON: The Holy Grail. Sir Galahad.

HUNT: Abou Ben Adhem.

LONGFELLOW: Santa Filomena. The Legend Beautiful. Excelsior.

BUNYAN: Pilgrim's Progress.

STEVENSON: The House Beautiful.

PIATT: The Gift of Empty Hands.

IAN MACLAREN: Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.

MATTHEW XXV, 34-46.

LUKE X, 25-37: Story of the Good Samaritan.

MASON: The Voyage.

WORDSWORTH: The Wishing-Gate.

BROOKS: The Beauty of a Life of Service.

MY SYMPHONY

To live content with small means.

To seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion.

To be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich.

To study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly.

To listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart.

To bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never.

In a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common.

This is to be my symphony.

—William Ellery Channing.

THANATOPSIS

“*T***HANATOPSIS** alone would establish a claim to genius,” said the Scottish author, Sir Christopher North, when he read this wonderful poem. Young William Cullen Bryant had been encouraged by his father to read and to write poetry. At the age of sixteen, the young man entered the sophomore class of Williams College with a reputation for writing poetry “that was printed.” His money gave out, however, and his college course was cut short. Greatly disappointed, he returned to his home and began to study law. At this time, while not yet eighteen years of age, he wrote the first draft of *Thanatopsis*. Six years later, his father came upon the manuscript by mere chance and at once recognized the merit of the poem. Without a word, the proud father hastened to Boston and placed the poem in the hands of the editor of the *North American Review*. The story is that the editor at once left his work and hurried to Harvard College to show his fellow editors what a rare “find” he had made. One of the editors, the distinguished Richard Henry Dana, is said to have declared “that there was some fraud in the

matter, for no one in America could write such verse."

The poem was at once hailed as a masterpiece and welcomed as America's first great poem. Professor Julian Hawthorne has aptly said of it, "Its comprehensive view of death, implies an interpretation of life; what we had deemed the chief of terrors is transformed into the majestic and orderly fulfilment of the purposes of an infinite and benign God, who disposes all things for our good."

THANATOPSIS

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—

Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice:—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured
round all,

Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,

The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages.

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings,—yet the dead are there!
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep,—the dead reign there alone!
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall
come

And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves

To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—William Cullen Bryant.

NOTES

1. *Thanatopsis*. Greek, *thanatos*, death, and *opsis*, a view.
2. *William Cullen Bryant* was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, in 1794 and died in 1878. This poem was written in 1811 and published in 1817. Look up more fully the facts of Bryant's life.
3. *Barcan desert*. Barca is a desert province in northern Africa east of Tripoli.
4. *The Oregon*. The Oregon is another name for the Columbia River.
5. Look up the meanings of the following words and expressions: communion, visible forms, eloquence, darker musings, blight, sad images, stern agony, pall, insensible rock, rude swain, sepulchre, solemn decorations, abode, phantom, innumerable caravan, quarry-slave.

EXERCISES

1. Tell the circumstances under which Bryant wrote this poem.
2. Why should so young a man be speculating so seriously about death?
3. Explain "holds communion with her visible forms."
4. In what ways does nature speak a various language?
5. What consolation does communion with nature give "When thoughts of the last bitter hour come like a blight over thy spirit"?
6. How much of the poem is the word of the "still voice"?

7. How can one really learn all this from nature?
8. What is the first point revealed by nature?
9. What is meant by the statement that "thy image" shall not "exist"?
10. In what sense shall each one become "a brother to the insensible rock"?
11. In what sense is no one "alone" in his eternal resting-place?
12. Explain "nor couldst thou wish couch more magnificent."
13. Explain "All in one mighty sepulchre."
14. What are the "solemn decorations" of the great tomb of man?
15. Explain fully, "All that tread the globe are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom."
16. What destiny is shared by all that breathe?
17. Explain "Each one . . . will chase his favorite phantom."
18. How, then, should each one live?
19. Memorize the passage beginning "So live"
20. What general view of death is given in the entire poem?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

OMAR KHAYYÁM: Rubáiyát.

TENNYSON: Crossing the Bar.

BROWNING: Prospice.

DICKENS: Death of Little Nell.

GREENE: The Baron's Last Banquet.

HALLECK: Marco Bozzaris.

POE: The Raven. Ulalume.

POPE: The Dying Christian to His Soul.

EMERSON: Terminus.

STEVENSON: Requiem.

PHOEBE CARY: Nearer Home.

EDWIN ARNOLD: The Secret of Death.

LONGFELLOW: Victor and Vanquished. The Reaper and the Flowers.

WORDSWORTH: Intimations on Immortality.

The simple duty that awaits thy hand
Is God's voice uttering a divine command.
—*Minot J. Savage.*

RIP VAN WINKLE

THE following tale was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old gentleman of New York, who was very curious in the Dutch History of the province, and the manners of the descendants from its primitive settlers. His historical researches, however, did not lie so much among books as among men; for the former are lamentably scanty on his favorite topics; whereas he found the old burghers, and still more, their wives, rich in that legendary lore, so invaluable to true history. Whenever, therefore, he happened upon a genuine Dutch family, snugly shut up in its low-roofed farmhouse, under a spreading sycamore, he looked upon it as a little clasped volume of black-letter, and studied it with the zeal of a bookworm.

The result of all these researches was a history of the province, during the reign of the Dutch governors, which he published some years since. There have been various opinions as to the literary character of his work, and, to tell the truth, it is not a whit better than it should be. Its chief

merit is its scrupulous accuracy, which, indeed, was a little questioned, on its first appearance, but has since been completely established; and it is now admitted into all historical collections, as a book of unquestionable authority.

The old gentleman died shortly after the publication of his work, and now that he is dead and gone, it cannot do much harm to his memory to say, that his time might have been much better employed in weightier labors. He, however, was apt to ride his hobby his own way; and though it did now and then kick up the dust a little in the eyes of his neighbors, and grieve the spirit of some friends for whom he felt the truest deference and affection, yet his errors and follies are remembered "more in sorrow than in anger," and it begins to be suspected, that he never intended to injure or offend. But however his memory may be appreciated by critics, it is still held dear among many folk, whose good opinion is well worth having; particularly by certain biscuit-bakers, who have gone so far as to imprint his likeness on their new-year cakes, and have thus given him a chance for immortality, almost equal to being stamped on a Waterloo medal, or a Queen Anne's farthing.—*Original Introduction by the Author.*



JOE JEFFERSON AS RIP VAN WINKLE

RIP VAN WINKLE

A Posthumous¹ Writing of Diedrich Knickerbocker²

By Woden, God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday,
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
Unto thylke³ day in which I creep into
My sepulchre.—CARTWRIGHT.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson,⁴ must remember the Kaatskill Mountains.⁵ They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family,⁶ and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and

¹*Posthumous.* Published after the author's death.

²*Diedrich Knickerbocker.* Irving told the story that *Rip Van Winkle* and *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, both of which he himself wrote, were the work of Diedrich Knickerbocker, the survivor of an old Dutch family in New York.

³*Thylke.* That same. After reading the story, the student will see the humor of using for its keynote this verse about truth.

⁴*Hudson.* Look up this river on a map of New York.

⁵*Kaatskill Mountains.* The name is now commonly written "Catskill." Look up these mountains on a map of New York.

⁶*Appalachian family.* A great range of mountains, the location of which should be observed on a map of New York and neighboring states.

they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists,⁷ in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant⁸ (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gabled fronts, surmounted with weather-cocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very

⁷*Dutch colonists.* What is now New York was first settled by Hollanders, who called it New Netherlands. It was surrendered to the British in 1664, and at that time was given its present name.

⁸*Peter Stuyvesant.* The last of the Dutch governors of New Netherlands. Lived from 1602 to 1682.

houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina.⁹ He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors.

I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient henpecked¹⁰ husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing the meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious¹¹ and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews¹² at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture¹³ is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant¹⁴ wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable

⁹*Fort Christina.* The chief fortress of New Sweden, a Swedish colony on the Delaware conquered by the Dutch in 1655.

¹⁰*Henpecked.* Governed by his wife.

¹¹*Obsequious.* Over ready to comply with the wishes of others.

¹²*Shrews.* Scolding, bad-tempered women.

¹³*Curtain lecture.* A reproof given privately by a wife to her husband.

¹⁴*Termagant.* Noisy and violent — applied chiefly to women.

blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in the evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity;¹⁵ and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion¹⁶ to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity¹⁷ or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance,¹⁸ and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble.

¹⁵*With impunity.* Without danger of punishment.

¹⁶*Insuperable aversion.* A dislike not capable of being overcome.

¹⁷*Assiduity.* Close attention.

¹⁸*Tartar's lance.* A weapon proverbially heavy. The Tartars were Asiatics who invaded Europe.

He would carry a fowling-piece¹⁹ on his shoulder, for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn,²⁰ or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial²¹ estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and

¹⁹*Fowling-piece.* A gun for ordinary hunting.

²⁰*Indian corn.* Maize. The term includes the common kinds of corn grown in the United States.

²¹*Patrimonial.* Inherited from his father.

potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt, at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins,²² which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound.²³ If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This,

²²*Galligaskins.* A kind of large breeches.

²³*Pound.* An English coin, worth about \$4.87. A penny is 1/240 of a pound.

however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air,²⁴ casting many a side-long glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before

²⁴A *gallows air*. The air of one condemned to be hanged.

a small inn, designated by a rubicund²⁵ portrait of his majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade of a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands, from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the school-master, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto²⁶ were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch²⁷ of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial.²⁸ It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His

²⁵*Rubicund*. Ruddy.

²⁶*Junto*. A private council, especially one for political purposes.

²⁷*Patriarch*. An old man — used as a term of respect.

²⁸*Sun-dial*. A dial, similar to that of a clock, perpendicular, to which is a triangular piece of metal called the gnomon. The device is so arranged that the place to which the shadow of the

adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to nought; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago.²⁹ who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative to escape, from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometime seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-

gnomon extends indicates the time of day. Sun-dials were frequently used in olden times and are still seen in some gardens and other places.

²⁹*Virago.* A bold, fierce woman.

sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll³⁰ covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees, he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark,³¹ here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending³² cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of

³⁰*Knoll.* A hilltop.

³¹*Bark.* Ship.

³²*Impending.* Overhanging.

the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing³³ on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long, blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension³⁴ stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised

³³*Musing.* Silently thinking; meditating.

³⁴*Apprehension.* Distrust of something in the future.

at the singularity³⁵ of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin³⁶ strapped round the waist—several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre,³⁷ surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky, and the bright evening cloud. Dur-

³⁵*Singularity.* Oddity.

³⁶*Jerkin.* A short, tight jacket.

³⁷*Amphitheatre.* A circular theatre.

ing the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins.³⁸ They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish³⁹ fashion: some wore short doublets,⁴⁰ others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat,⁴¹ set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet,⁴² broad belt and

³⁸*Nine-pins.* A game wherein nine pins, or wooden pegs, are bowled at with wooden balls.

³⁹*Outlandish.* Strange.

⁴⁰*Doublets.* Close-fitting jackets, extending a little below the waist.

⁴¹*Sugar-loaf hat.* A high-crowned, conical hat, shaped somewhat like the loaves of sugar made some three hundred years ago.

⁴²*Laced doublet.* A doublet drawn by means of laces to fit the form of the wearer.

hanger,⁴³ high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting,⁴⁴ in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick,⁴⁵ the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene, but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such a fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth,⁴⁶ lacklustre⁴⁷ countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons,⁴⁸ and made signs

⁴³*Hanger*. A short, curved sword.

⁴⁴*Flemish painting*. A painting done in Flanders, in the Low Countries. The Flemish painters are supposed to have been the first to paint in oil.

⁴⁵*Dominie*. A title given to a minister, especially to one of the Dutch Reformed denomination.

⁴⁶*Uncouth*. Strange; unfamiliar.

⁴⁷*Lacklustre*. Lacking brightness.

⁴⁸*Flagons*. Narrow-mouthed vessels, used for liquor.

to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees, Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands.⁴⁹ He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated⁵⁰ his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone⁵¹ party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old

⁴⁹*Hollands.* A kind of gin made in Holland.

⁵⁰*Reiterated.* Repeated.

⁵¹*Woe-begone.* Extremely sorrowful.

fire-lock⁵² lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers⁵³ of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol,⁵⁴ and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip; "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the previous evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift⁵⁵ to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of

⁵²*Fire-lock.* A flintlock, a gun in which the powder was ignited by means of sparks from a piece of flint.

⁵³*Roysterers.* Drunken frolickers.

⁵⁴*Gambol.* Sport.

⁵⁵*Made shift.* Managed; contrived.

birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty fire-lock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared

at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched.⁵⁶ Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—“That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled⁵⁷ my poor head sadly!”

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent

⁵⁶*Bewitched.* Changed by means of witchcraft, or magic.

⁵⁷*Addled.* Confused.

awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed.—“My very dog,” sighed poor Rip, “has forgotten me!”

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. The desolateness overcame all his connubial⁵⁸ fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it, too, was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, “The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.” Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet, little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized

⁵⁸*Connubial*. Pertaining to married life.

on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George,⁵⁹ under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed.⁶⁰ The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat,⁶¹ and underneath was painted in large characters, "General Washington."

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious⁶² tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm⁶³ and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair, long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke, instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth⁶⁴ the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing⁶⁵ vehemently about rights of citizens—election—members of Congress

⁵⁹*King George.* George III., King of England when the American colonies gained their independence.

⁶⁰*Metamorphosed.* Changed.

⁶¹*Cocked hat.* A hat set on one side of the head—usually applied to the three-cornered hats worn in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

⁶²*Disputatious.* Full of dispute, or contentious argument.

⁶³*Phlegm.* Calm indifference.

⁶⁴*Doling.* Giving out in small portions.

⁶⁵*Haranguing.* Making a public speech.

—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, that were a perfect Babylonish jargon⁶⁶ to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal⁶⁷ or Democrat."⁶⁸ Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo,⁶⁹ the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an

⁶⁶*Babylonish jargon.* Unintelligible talk, such as was heard at the Tower of Babel during the confusion of tongues.

⁶⁷*Federal.* The name of a party corresponding somewhat to the modern Republican party.

⁶⁸*Democrat.* The name of a party corresponding somewhat to the modern Democratic party.

⁶⁹*Akimbo.* A term applied to the position of the arm when the hand rests upon the hip, with the elbow pointing sharply outward.

austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory!⁷⁰ a spy! a refugee!⁷¹ hustle him! away with him!"

It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the

⁷⁰*Tory*. The term applied to Americans who were loyal to England in the War of the Revolution.

⁷¹*Refugee*. One who flees for protection, generally from political or religious persecution.

churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotted and gone, too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point⁷²—others say he was drowned in the squall, at the foot of Antony's Nose.⁷³ I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away, at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point!—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

⁷²*Stony Point.* On June 1, 1779, Stony Point, on the Hudson, was taken by the British. On July 16 of the same year, the Americans, under General "Mad Anthony" Wayne, stormed the fort and recaptured it. Irving here doubtless refers to the latter occasion.

⁷³*Antony's Nose.* Antony's, or St. Anthony's, Nose is a headland on the east side of the Hudson, fifty-seven miles from New York city.

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart⁷⁴ of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else, got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads.⁷⁵ There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which the self-important man with the cocked hat retired with some precipitation.⁷⁶ At this critical moment a fresh likely-looking woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms which, frightened at his looks, began to

⁷⁴*Precise counterpart.* Exact image.

⁷⁵*Tap their fingers against their foreheads.* A sign that they regarded Rip as crazy.

⁷⁶*Precipitation.* Headlong haste. Further indication that some regarded Rip as out of his head.

cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

Oh, she too had died but a short time since: she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler.

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle!"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van

Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?”

Rip’s story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor, the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson,⁷⁷ the first discov-

⁷⁷*Hendrick Hudson.* Henry Hudson, who discovered the Hudson River in 1609. Two years later he was deserted by his crew and presumably perished.

erer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil⁷⁸ there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-Moon,⁷⁹ being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city⁸⁰ called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in the hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her: she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins who used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto⁸¹ of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm, but evinced a hereditary⁸² disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies,⁸³ though

⁷⁸*Vigil.* Watch.

⁷⁹*Half-Moon.* The name of the ship with which Hudson made his explorations.

⁸⁰*The great city.* There is a city called Hudson, farther up the river. Its population is about 11,000. Irving was probably thinking chiefly of the river.

⁸¹*Ditto.* Exact likeness in all respects.

⁸²*Hereditary.* Handed down from one's parents.

⁸³*Cronies.* Familiar, intimate companions.

all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench, at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species⁸⁴ of despotism⁸⁵ under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government.⁸⁶ Happily, that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes;

⁸⁴*Species.* Kind.

⁸⁵*Despotism.* Absolute, irresponsible rule.

⁸⁶*Petticoat government.* Government by a woman.

which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance. He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awakened. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally give it full credit. Even to this day, they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

NOTE

The foregoing tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to Mr. Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick *der Rothbart*, and the Kyffhäuser Mountain: the subjoined note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity:

“The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvelous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this, in the villages along the Hudson; all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when last I saw him, was a very venerable old man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a country justice and signed with a cross in the justice’s own handwriting. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt. D. K.”

POSTSCRIPT

The following are traveling notes from a memorandum-book of Mr. Knickerbocker:

The Kaatsberg, or Catskill, Mountains have always been a region full of fable. The Indians considered them the abode of spirits, who influenced the weather, spreading sunshine or clouds over the landscape, and sending good or bad hunting seasons. They were ruled by an old squaw spirit, said to be their mother. She dwelt on the highest peak of the Catskills, and had charge of the doors of day and night to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new moons

in the skies, and cut up the old ones into stars. In times of drought, if properly propitiated, she would spin light summer clouds out of cobwebs and morning dew, and send them off from the crest of the mountain, flake after flake, like flakes of carded cotton, to float in the air; until, dissolved by the heat of the sun, they would fall in gentle showers, causing the grass to spring, the fruits to ripen, and the corn to grow an inch an hour. If displeased, however, she would brew up clouds black as ink, sitting in the midst of them like a bottle-bellied spider in the midst of its web; and when these clouds broke, woe betide the valleys!

In old times, say the Indian traditions, there was a kind of Manitou or Spirit, who kept about the wildest recesses of the Catskill Mountains, and took a mischievous pleasure in wreaking all kinds of evils and vexations upon the red men. Sometimes he would assume the form of a bear, a panther, or a deer, lead the bewildered hunter a weary chase through tangled forests and among ragged rocks; and then spring off with a loud ho! ho! leaving him aghast on the brink of a beetling precipice or raging torrent.

The favorite abode of this Manitou is still shown. It is a great rock or cliff on the loneliest part of the mountains, and, from the flowering vines which clamber about it, and the wild flowers which abound in its neighborhood, is known by the name of the Garden Rock. Near the foot of

it is a small lake, the haunt of the solitary bittern, with watersnakes basking in the sun on the leaves of the pond-lilies which lie on the surface. This place was held in great awe by the Indians, inso-much that the boldest hunter would not pursue his game within its precincts. Once upon a time, however, a hunter who had lost his way penetrated to the Garden Rock, where he beheld a number of gourds placed in the crotches of trees. One of these he seized and made off with it, but in the hurry of his retreat he let it fall among the rocks, when a great stream gushed forth, which washed him away and swept him down precipices, where he was dashed to pieces, and the stream made its way to the Hudson, and continues to flow to the present day; being the identical stream known by the name of the Kaaterskill.—*Washington Irving.*

EXERCISES

Pages 337-343

Words and Expressions for Study: dismembered, magical hues, barometers, descried, antiquity, precise truth, chivalrous days, obsequious, conciliating, shrews, pliant, malleable, fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, termagant wife, tolerable blessing, with impunity, insuperable aversion, assiduity, pestilent, patrimonial estate, galligaskins, well-oiled dispositions, dinning, torrent of household eloquence, fain, sole domestic adherent, yelping precipitation.

1. Where is the scene of this story laid?
2. Who was Diedrich Knickerbocker?
3. What is a posthumous writing?
4. Why does Irving produce this story as such a writing?
5. Why does the author hint that "it begins to be suspected that he (Diedrich Knickerbocker) never intended to injure or offend"?

6. Why does Irving place the quotation on truth at the beginning of the story?
7. What fables and traditions are connected with the Catskills?
8. Why were these mountains "regarded as perfect barometers" and spoken of as "fairy mountains"?
9. Describe Rip Van Winkle and his surroundings as here given.
10. Why was Rip Van Winkle liked by all the women of the neighborhood?
11. Why was he such a general favorite with children?
12. Cite passages to show just what kind of man he was.
13. Explain "well-oiled disposition."

Pages 344-351

- Words and Expressions for Study:* dapper, junto, patriarch, adherents, vehemently, perfect approbation, tranquillity, terrible virago, reciprocated, lagging bark, impending cliffs, encountering, vague apprehension, singularity, cloth jerkin, usual alacrity, amphitheatre, perpendicular precipices, incomprehensible, quaint outlandish fashion, doublets, sugar-loaf hat, hanger, melancholy party of pleasure, lacklustre countenances, quaffed, reiterated, flagon.
14. Just what kind of person was Dame Van Winkle? Give proofs.
 15. To what extent was Rip Van Winkle's shiftlessness due to the sharp tongue of his wife?
 16. How did her disposition affect even the dog Wolf?
 17. How did Rip first seek relief from these domestic storms?
 18. Cite passages showing that this "junto" exactly corresponds to a loafer's club in a present-day village.
 19. Why was not Rip safe here?
 20. To what extreme was he next driven in self-defense?
 21. Describe in your own words the scene from the green knoll when Rip paused to rest.
 22. What now attracted Rip's attention?
 23. Describe the approaching stranger.
 24. What request did the stranger make by sign to Rip?
 25. What did Rip see in the amphitheatre?
 26. What experiences did he have there?
 27. What in it all seemed so odd to him?
 28. What caused his "deep sleep"?

Pages 351-358

Words and Expressions for Study: woe-begone party, fire-lock, roysterers, gambol, made shift, toilsome way, impenetrable, perplexities, recurrence, addled, forlorn, connubial fears, gaping windows, singularly metamorphosed, disputatious tone, phlegm, doling, haranguing vehemently, Babylonish jargon, vacant stupidity, arm akimbo, tory.

29. What were the first thoughts which came to him on waking?
30. What strange experiences did he now have?
31. What changes had appeared in his surroundings since he fell asleep?
32. What strange sights confronted him upon his return to his native village and to his home?
33. Why should he now be called "a tory"?
34. What political changes had taken place since his departure from the village?
35. How did Rip finally manage to prove his identity to these people?

Pages 359-368

Words and Expressions for Study: squall, enormous lapses of time, precise counterpart, train of recollections, corroborated, vigil, ditto, hereditary disposition, species of despotism, petticoat government, flighty, draught.

36. Explain "tap their fingers against their foreheads."
37. What is the true explanation of his strange behavior?
38. Why did Rip prefer to make friends among the younger generation?
39. Explain "idle with impunity," "regular track of gossip," "petticoat government."
40. How did Rip get "his neck out of the yoke of matrimony"?
41. Since Rip told his story, how did the inhabitants regard a thunder-storm in the Catskills?
42. Give a short summary of the story.
43. What seems to you to be the author's purpose in writing this story?

ADDITIONAL READINGS

IRVING: Sketch Book. Knickerbocker's History of New York.

GRIMM BROTHERS: The Sleeping Beauty.

Thor and the Giants.

HALE: The Man without a Country.

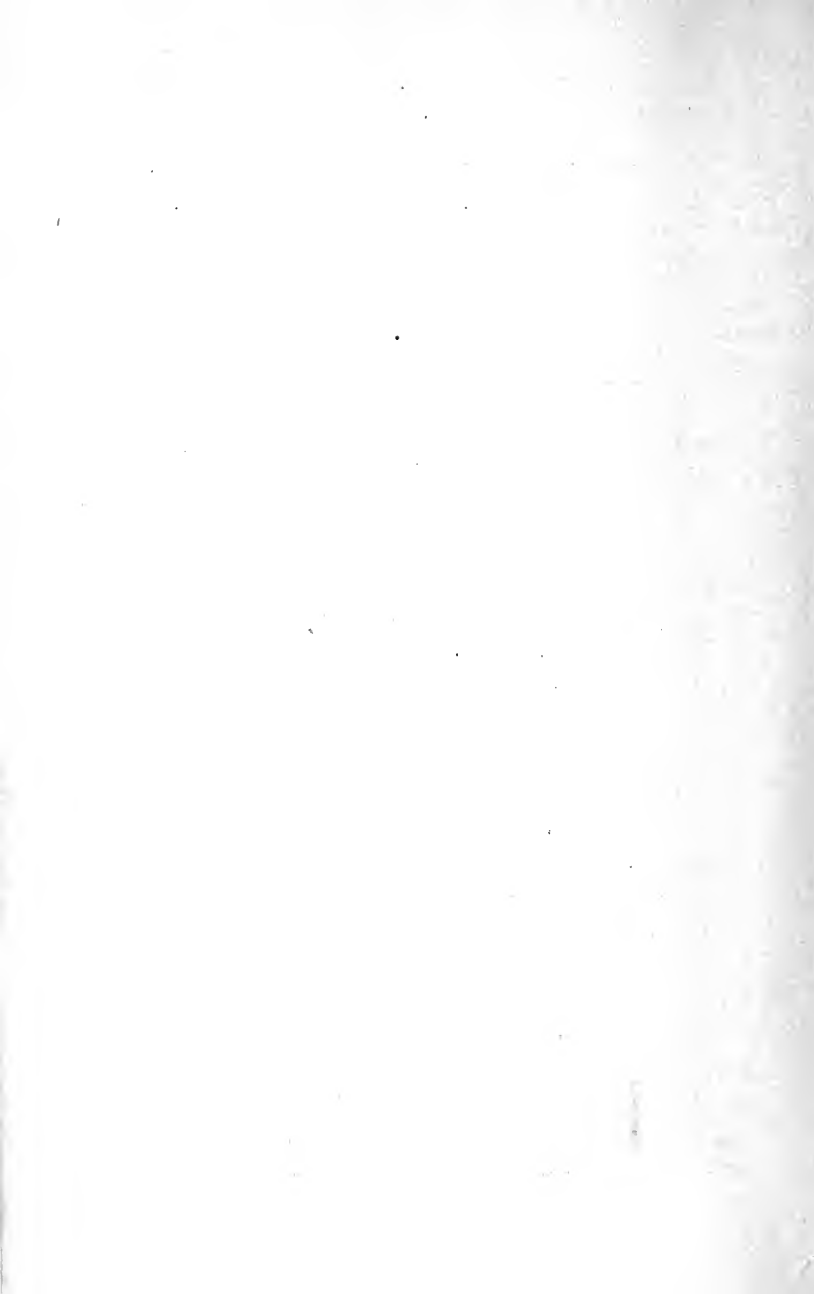
LOWELL: Vision of Sir Launfal.

ANDERSEN: The Snow Queen.

A PROPHECY

These lines were first published in England in 1345, before the discovery of America, and before any of the discoveries and inventions mentioned therein.

Carriage without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the world thoughts will fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at root of tree.
Through hills men shall ride,
And no horse nor ass be at his side.
Under water man shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in the water shall float
As easy as a wooden boat.
Fire and water shall wonders do,
England at least shall admit a Jew.
And this world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.
—*Mother Shipton.*



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